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# **messing about in BOATS**

Volume 16 - Number 19

February 15, 1999

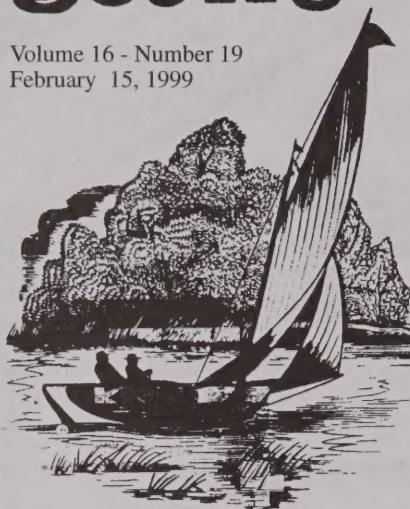


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# messing about in BOATS

Volume 16 - Number 19  
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## In Our Next Issue...

Peter Hughes reports on last summer's "Great Tin Boat Regatta"; Gordon South recalls a past occasion in a "Winter Morning Reminiscence"; Roger Allen describes "Mother Nature's Magic"; and the "*Track of the Typhoon*" brings William Washburn Nutting & crew to Cowes with 37 hours to spare.

Dan Osterday describes his budget boat building in "Baby Ragtime"; Don Duquet presents "My Rendition of Toto"; and Finn Wilster tells about "My Restored Comet".

Dynamite Payson looks back on the "Origin of Instant Boats"; Bill Foden and George Kiaffas indulge in some "Shantyboat Speak"; we get a look at the "Lawley Super Yacht *Migrant*"; Richard Carsen continues his miniseries on the "The Ninigo Sail" in "Dreamboats; and Phil Bolger & Friends present Part II of "Schorpioen".

## On the Cover...

New England's Team Saquish hard at it racing in the Scilly Isles last summer, full report featured in this issue.

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This issue's feature story on Team Saquish and its building and racing of Cornish gigs is illustrative of the improbable continuing enthusiasm for rowing boats the old fashioned way. With Team Saquish this enthusiasm is multiplied by the teamwork factor, and the Jenness family and their friends are outstanding examples of the rewards of this sort of collective enthusiasm.

I characterize enthusiasm for rowing as "improbable" because this is inherently an awkward and tedious sort of activity. It is, as far as I can determine, the only human activity indulged in while travelling backwards, ie. not seeing where your efforts are taking you. Granted the feeling of application of one's physical strength to self-propulsion by rowing is appealing, you can really "get your back into it".

Rowing has evolved from a necessary "job" which came into existence to move stuff around on the water on a local scale into recreation. And it thus came under scrutiny as to how it might be improved upon, especially speeded up. Attention recreationally was chiefly paid to the rowing act and it became apparent that getting the powerful leg muscles into the task would greatly enhance the amount of power that could be applied and hence the speed.

So sliding seat technology appeared over 100 years ago. It has remained unchanged since in nature, evolution has been in materials used, chiefly for weight saving, reduction of mechanical friction losses in the sliding seat rigs, and in some evolution of oar blade shape designs searching for that added microscopic edge.

When some technically alert Germans changed the sliding seat to a sliding rigger, thus eliminating the impact of the momentum shift of the body that the back and forth motion of the sliding seat introduces (think about a ton of muscle in a heavyweight eight racing shell stopping and starting, back and forth, with each stroke) they immediately gained a significant edge in speed, so significant that they swept world championships handily. As this immediately made obsolete the worldwide sliding seat racing equipment inventory, the governing body of such racing banned the sliding rigger.

This affects the boats used by everyone else who does not race, for the equipment offered by manufacturers and builders is what people can buy. Rowing is remarkably like bicycling, I have found as I have become involved in that sport. The basic design concept of today's bicycle is over a century old and is rigidly adhered to

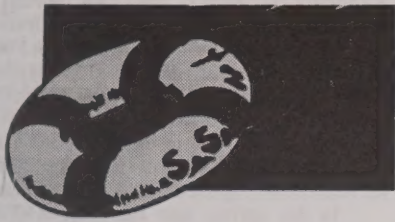
by the overwhelming number of participating manufacturers and users. Kids grow up on conventional diamond frame "wedgie" bicycles, so as adults they find the far more efficient and comfortable recumbent "funny" despite its demonstrable advantages. So it is with rowing, either oar on gunwale or sliding seat, it's still done as it has always been done. Sliding riggers have been offered by a few adventurous entrepreneurs with hardly a ripple in the rowing world. A similar lack of public acceptance has greeted the concept of forward facing rowing, an alternative concept advanced way back in the 19th century.

An outfit in Tennessee has been offering heavy mechanized oarlock mounted geared oar reversers for most of the 20th century which enable the oarsman to row in a conventional fashion but face the way he is going. Individuals have built much lighter and more efficient such blade reversing linkages. They are thin on the water today, however. And for the past few years a guy named Ron Rantilla has been offering a device he calls "Frontrower" which not only allows one to row facing forward but also permits the use of ones legs, as in sliding seat rowing, but without all the weight shift penalty. Ron's having a hard time getting the rowing world's attention, let alone its business. Nobody who rows "as it should be done" wants this "thing" of Ron's to intrude on their established world and upset the status quo.

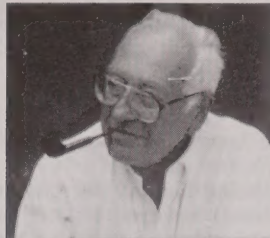
Rowing and bicycling also share a certain mystique about "pain". Since both activities create pain for those who indulge at a level approaching their personal physical limits, this "pain" has been enshrined as something which sets one apart as somebody special. Any concept that comes along that offers comfort while improving performance is a threat to this quasi-religion. Thus, riding my recumbent bicycle is "not really bicycling", and so it is with something like Ron's Frontrower, it's "not really rowing".

My bicycle has two wheels and is pedal powered and Ron's Frontrower is a small boat propelled by oars, but neither fit the mold. I find it just irritates the conventional "wedgie" bike rider who tries to shake off this old grey haired guy on the funny bike when he finds he cannot pull away or even keep up, and Ron has run into similar resentment as he "spoils the fun" for conventional sliding seat folks afloat when he rows on up and past with seemingly so little effort. It's just not right!





## Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw  
U.S.C.G.A.  
Division 10

### The Laws DO Make Sense

Approximately three years ago I wrote a safety article on proper (legal) boat numbering. Unfortunately, not all boaters read *MAIB*. On the boat ramps and marinas, where I spend four days a week during the boating season, I see vessel after vessel with incorrect, and illegal, registration numbers.

Most often, the numbers are incorrectly spaced. Sometimes they are not in a color contrasting with the hull. Far less often, they are in a fancy script and not in the required block letters.

As a Vessel Examiner, my job is to point out to the boat owners that the registration numbers are "illegal" and again and again I get the reply, "they have been that way for five (or six or seven) years and nobody ever questioned them. Why should I go to the bother of changing them?"

It is true that, at least in my corner of the world, the chance of being fined for improper registration numbers is pretty slim. The Coast Guard and the State Wildlife officers have other concerns. But...

Recently, while on patrol, the Coast Guard station called me and asked me to search for a boat reported missing. The description was pretty vague, 16' to 18', possibly a jon boat, registration "NC 1234 AB."

For the next five hours we searched, checking every passing boat and every ma-

rina and anchorage in our area of responsibility. We did not find the boat, but I finished that patrol with a major headache resulting from eye strain. Again and again, striving to see through binoculars, I could not read registration numbers, generally because the lack of proper spacing, sometimes because there were faded black numbers on a dark khaki hull.

It was a graphic lesson that the laws DO make sense.

Take a look at the registration numbers on your boat. They should have two letters indicating your state, then SPACE, then (generally four) numbers, SPACE, then (usually save for older vessels) two more letters. My boat is NC 3551 CC. The numbers are 4" high, dark blue on a white hull. I am not in the least concerned about getting a ticket for improper numbering, but if *Choata Peg IV* is ever reported missing, I sure want the search boats to find and identify her.

The boat we were looking for? It turned out that she was a 18' jon boat on a trailer and the trailer broke down on a deserted stretch of country road on the way home. The owner's wife had, quite properly, reported her missing when her husband was overdue. The hours the Coast Guard and the Auxiliary spent looking for her were not in the least regretted. The important fact was that she and her crew were safe.



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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Adventures...

### Keep Your Anchor Dry

During the first few days of an early August cruise, winds were light to missing, somewhat unusual for the North Channel. Our fleet of three Sea Pearl 21s were crewed by Mike Scheibeck and his son Eric, Ken Krapp and his son Dave, and myself. Mike doesn't use an outboard, so when the winds died Ken and I took turns towing him.

We had left Fox Island in McBean Channel and were motoring towards Little Current. Ken had Mike under tow at the time. We were approaching Wabuno Channel about noon; I was the lead boat and elected to anchor off Schreiber Island for lunch. I dropped the hook and the other two boats came alongside to raft up. It was a beautiful warm, lazy August day; perfect except for the lack of wind. We had lunch and enjoyed the surroundings for an hour or so. Finally it was time to get underway.

I was taking the tow, so we worked Mike's boat to the stern and secured the towline. We cast Ken off and he got underway. I started the motor and gradually took up the slack in the towline. I had the boats up to speed when I noticed Ken waving energetically at us. I couldn't understand what he was trying to tell me so I cut the motor. It was then that the dragging anchor dug in. My Pearl stopped NOW and I had to move quickly to fend off Mike's rapidly closing in Pearl which was not encumbered by a dragging anchor.

How can one forget to take up an anchor? Hard to say. When I dropped the 11lb Bruce, I never set it, as I wasn't going to leave the boat. It was virtually calm and with the added mass and resistance of the other two boats, the raft didn't move. Because the anchor wasn't set, it came off the bottom easily, as the pull was away from the island into deeper water. My attention was fixed on getting the tow moving smoothly so I didn't notice the additional drag of the anchor, which was gliding through the water off the bottom. If Ken's son Dave hadn't noticed the *Gottabe's* anchor rode in the water and if Ken hadn't alertly gotten my attention, it could have been a serious situation, as we were rapidly approaching a cut with a shallow bottom. We live and learn...I hope.

Richard Dix, Hesperia, MI

### Delaware Bay Storytelling

Thanks to Eric Russell for all the nice things he said about *A.J. Meerwald* in his November 15th issue "Old Ed Stories". I'd like to follow up on this with a brief summary of the "Life Along Delaware Bay" storytelling session held on November 12th in Port Norris, New Jersey.

Delaware Bay, and specifically the Maurice River and the towns of Port Norris, Bivalve and Shellpile was once the oyster capital of the world. Port Norris had more millionaires per capita than any other town in New Jersey. The area was as

close to being the wild west as any place in New Jersey has ever seen.

This wonderful program on the 12th featured five (pardon the expression) old timers on the panel, plus further comments and stories from several others in the audience. I can't do it justice here in detail, just imagine a whole evening of "Old Ed Stories".

Some of the stories included the following:

Life as a crew member on an oyster schooner: "I don't mind working 18 hours a day but 6 hours isn't enough to sleep!"

Food on the dredgeboats: "Liver for breakfast, we'd say a prayer first to give the whole crew time to get there, otherwise wise the laggards would be out of luck."

The "Mayor of Shellpile" told of his not always successful attempts to mechanize the oyster industry (this gentleman was the only member of the panel still oystering).

Saturday night in Port Norris: "busses from Baltimore with ladies for entertainment." (They didn't say what kind of entertainment: Folksingers? Mimes?).

The New Jersey Folklore Center videotaped the event and the Delaware Bay Schooner Project audiotaped it. I believe these tapes will eventually be available to the public through the Schooner Project. Another such program is planned for Spring, date as yet undermined.

Our normal monthly meetings include various historic, folklore and scientific programs. Interested readers can reach us at (609) 785-2060, or online by email at <AJMeerwald@juno.com>.

Greg Decowsky, Earleville, MD

### How It Is in Alaska

We've just moved from chilly up north Bethel, Alaska down here to beautiful southeastern Juneau. Huge evergreens overhanging sheltered beaches, snowy mountain peaks rising straight out of the fjord-splintered coastline, with eagles, sea lions and porpoises cruising the neighborhood. These all tell me that the move is a good one. Not that I don't miss the northern wide-open tundra and miles upon miles of raw wilderness, but 13 winters away from open, ice-free water were enough to turn our sights southward!

We're settling into a wonderful new headquarters on Auke Bay, a unique side-arm of the Inside Passage, surrounded by sheltering islands and peninsulas and watched over by the nearby Mendenhall Glacier. It attracts a great number of species of coastal ducks and seabirds, along with a wide variety of other transient and resident animals. From the summer's visiting whales to the resident chinook salmon and crab species, the icy clear waters of Auke Bay are home to a fascinating community of creatures.

Chris Fredell, Juneau, AK

## A Look Back at 1998: MITA Accomplishments on the Trail

1998 was a busy and productive season for MITA! Our stewardship and education programs continued to grow stronger, with MITA volunteers working harder than ever to care for the islands, talk with visitors, spread the good word on low-impact use, and gather up their findings and observations to report back to our office.

In the spring and the fall, MITA organized nearly one hundred volunteers for twelve island clean-ups and work projects on 55 islands from Portland to Stonington.

Another essential part of that effort is our Adopt-An-Island Program. This year's roster of island adopters included 85 individuals who took great care of 65 Trail islands.

In addition, we completed 88 scheduled monitoring runs this year as part of the Monitor Program, averaging out to about 13 runs for each region of the coast. On these runs, drivers record a range of information on island usage, and often talk to visitors about stewardship practices. Our skippers also pitched in and took on additional routes for the clean-ups, ease-of-monitoring trips for Acadia National Park, several runs for a Harlequin Duck research project, and odd-hour routes with a professional photographer shooting islands for a major MITA fundraising project.

All of these efforts contribute to our Island Information Database, a collection of reports that has become a regional clearinghouse for records of the use and condition of 95 Trail islands. So far this year, we have received nearly 1500 observation logs, including Monitoring Program logs, Adopt-an-Island logs, staff logs, work party logs and Coastal Island Use Logs. The information in these logs is analyzed and used to compare usage trends from year to year as well as to make strategic management decisions about changes and improvements for coming years.

For example, one trend our data has revealed this season is that islands are now less threatened by trash than they are by the overuse of large groups, campsite expansion and the subsequent destruction of vegetation and soils. As a result, MITA is currently working with the state on a plan for island carrying capacity to determine possible alternatives for managing camping and overall use on a select group of the more vulnerable properties. The plan may include setting a maximum number of campsites on an island, identifying those sites clearly in the MITA Guidebook, and posting signage both at the locations as well as at the no camping areas. We are also looking into ways of recommending optimum size for groups using the islands.

Finally, we continue to work to communicate all of these activities beyond the membership and to the boating public through outreach effort like our *Fragile Lands* brochure, at events and trade shows and, whenever possible, through schools and other educational outlets to reach future generations of island visitors and stewards.

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841



### Bogue Sound On-the-Water Meet

On the weekend of September 26-27 the North Carolina Maritime Museum's chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association (TSCA) held its annual In The Water Meet at the Bogue Sound home of Jim Brode and Ellen Barton. Weather was perfect for sailing and rowing the close to twenty boats on hand, including six sprit-sail skiffs. Messing about in boats was the order of the day.

One special event was the launching of a Nutshell Pram built in a recent Watercraft Center class, Lapstrake Boatbuilding, by student Julie Ann Powers.

Saturday ended with a pigpickin', TSCA bimonthly meeting, and bonfire under the stars. Some of the heartier attendees spent the night camping on Ellen and Jim's soundside yard.

On Sunday, as the meet was winding down and the wind was picking up, Curator Roger Allen organized a sail to the Watercraft Center. Six boats sailed on a great southwest breeze down Bogue Sound and around Radio Island into Taylor's Creek and Beaufort.

A special thanks to Ellen and Jim for opening their home for the second year in a row for this event which included over seventy members and guests.

Roger Allen, Beaufort, NC

### International Yacht Restoration School Names Curator for Schooner *Coronet*

Elizabeth Meyer, founder and president of the International Yacht Restoration School in Newport, Rhode Island recently announced the appointment of John Summers as curator for the school's future flagship, the 1885 schooner *Coronet*, stating, "I don't believe we could have found a better person for this position. John's education and experience couldn't be more perfectly suited for our needs."

For the past ten years, John Summers served as curator of The Pier, Toronto's Waterfront Museum, in Toronto, Ontario. He taught maritime heritage preservation for the Cultural Resource Management Program at the University of Victoria and in the Museum Studies program at the University of Toronto. He also developed and instructed traditional wooden boatbuilding workshops. Mr. Summers' research interests are in late 19th century yachting, the history of boat building and the preservation, restoration and use of wooden watercraft.

As Summers comes onboard, IYRS has embarked on the restoration of *Coronet*. Built at the Poillon yard in Brooklyn, New York, *Coronet* measures 133' on deck. Fully rigged with bowsprit, main boom and jibboom, her length overall will reach 167', under 8,500sf of sail. IYRS will restore *Coronet* in a manner befitting her status as the last great American yacht. She will be used for historical voyages, as a good will ambassador for the school, and as a floating museum.

The restoration is expected to take several years and cost in excess of \$5 million. In December *Coronet* was hauled out for inspection and stabilization of her hull. At the same time, the ship's hull lines are being electronically lifted with

the assistance of staff from Mystic Seaport. These lines will document her shape before the start of restoration work.

IYRS, 28 Church St. Newport, RI 02840

### Brought Back Memories

The Lake Monroe Messabout story in the December 15th issue hit home, as I've been sailing my Mystic 22 on Lake Monroe for the past six seasons. Next fall I'll keep an eye open for the annual Messabout and try to make contact with those attending.

Another article that brought back memories was "November Cruise" by Lee Trachtenberg in the November 15th issue. I noticed that Lee is from Glen Cove, New York, which happens to be my home town of years past. Lee didn't mention which yacht club he sailed from but the Sea Cliff Yacht Club and the Hempstead Harbor Yacht Club used to be the only two clubs in the harbor.

I sailed an old Snipe out of the Hempstead Harbor Club throughout most of the '40s. The Snipe isn't your ideal cruising boat so most of the sailing took place inside the breakwater and on a few occasions ventured out to Execution Lighthouse. My brother and I did venture down to Sand City on Eaton's Neck once. That cured us of distance sailing in a Snipe. It was a quick three hour trip down with a strong wind from aft. The trip back the next day was bad. There's always a wind sometime during the day, right? Mere rumor. It took 12 hours of paddling with a canoe paddle and floorboard to get back to Hempstead Harbor Club.

Sailing during the war years was quite a bit different. Anyone going on the water had to be fingerprinted by the Coast Guard and get a permit. Outside the breakwater was a restricted zone, no pleasure boats allowed.

Fyfe's Shipyard serviced a fleet of PT boats which were supposed to slow down when entering the harbor. If you believe they slowed down, I'll tell you another one. The pounding of the Snipe on the PT boats' wake would open up the seams and it would leak badly for the next few days. With a ban on pleasure driving during the war each trip to the Hempstead Club was by foot or on a bike. Back then, Lee's trip to Larchmont would probably include dodging convoys of merchant ships going down the Sound to the Atlantic.

Thanks, Lee, for bringing back memories of Hempstead Harbor and the Sound.

Irving S. Wait, Seymour, IN

### Needs...

#### Red Cross Canoe Book

The Red Cross used to publish an excellent and detailed softcover book on Canoeing. Local Red Cross offices I have contacted lately know nothing about its status and the national office in Washington never replied to my letter of inquiry about its status. Does anyone know if it is still available, and if so where? I'd also like information on other good books on canoeing currently available.

Bob Whittier, Box T, Duxbury MA 02331

### Used Sails Source

Can anyone give me the names and addresses of any companies that specialize in buying and selling used sails? I'm looking for a fairly decent set to fit the 14' O'Day Javelin.

Bob Whittier, Box T Duxbury MA 02331

### Opinions...

#### Stay With the Boat!

There have been a number of items in this magazine lately urging the users of small boats to always wear their life jackets. My own opinion of this is that achieving that commendable end is in the same category as stopping teenagers from smoking. The more we shout "Don't do this!" the more will the contrariness of human nature take over. Besides, standard PFDs are just simply too hot, too bulky and too homely to fit into summertime pleasure boating activities. Have you ever seen an advertisement for some fancy yacht in which all the glamorous models aboard it were wearing PFDs? It might be a lot more useful in saving the lives of dabblers in the field of small boats for the various agencies and organizations in the field of boating safety to point out that today's small boats have built-in flotation, so in case of swamping or capsizing, **STAY WITH THE BOAT UNTIL HELP COMES!**

Bob Whittier, Duxbury MA

#### Question ALL Plywood

I read Bob Cole's letter about questionable plywood in the January 1st issue with great interest. We know of a case, actually several cases where presumably top grade marine plywood failed, so perhaps builders should not only question the questionable, but all plywood.

A few years ago we acted as the broker only in the sale of a beautifully reconstructed 1930s mahogany runabout that had a new three layer Okoume marine plywood bottom cold molded with epoxy. This is similar to the bottoms that we've done for the last ten years without, knock on wood, one single complaint. You can imagine how surprised I was, then, when the purchaser told me that the bottom was delaminating, not in the epoxy but in the actual plywood after two seasons in the water, and his local boatyard had advised that total replacement was the only fix.

I immediately contacted the builder who assured me that he had used top grade marine plywood purchased from a well known supply house, and had never heard of a problem like this before.

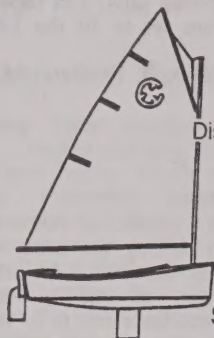
Fortunately the purchaser was otherwise delighted with his runabout, could afford the new bottom, and was enlightened and generous enough to spend his money on his boat rather than on a lawyer. We thanked our lucky stars and were reminded to test any adhesives that we could not positively identify. When some worker overseas pours the wrong glue in the machine one day, nobody knows until it is far too late.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT



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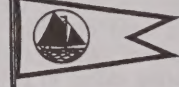
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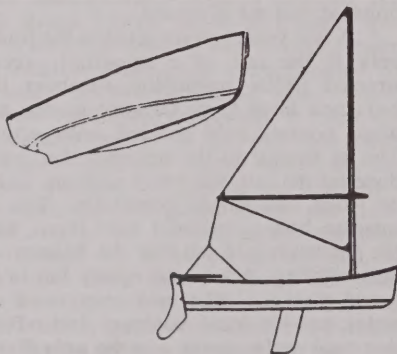
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## Remembering...

Joanne S. Scott



Illustration by  
David Q. Scott

## Drascombe

The summer of Seventy-Eight,  
Our daughter of eighteen  
Delighted us by deciding it was  
O.K. to join us for a Maine cruise  
On a Drascombe, a sixteen foot,  
Two masted lugger with loose-footed  
Tanbark sails out of Camden:  
A ten-day open boat trip  
With twelve-man tent, camp stove,  
Ice chest, waterjug, gas can  
And reliable outboard motor.

It was a hot, hot July,  
As we loaded the boat,  
Carrying down the ramp  
And out to the dock  
Our canned goods, sleeping bags, duffel,  
Compass, sextant, taff-rail log.  
The gentle breeze felt good  
Late morning as we sailed  
Out through the cans and nuns  
Marking the harbor.

We lunched leisurely at Lasell Island,  
Overnighted at Saddle, the stars overhead.  
Next morning, east sou'east  
We sailed to Pulpit, North Haven  
Where David and I first  
Knew one another. Hot soup.  
Sardine and mustard sandwiches.  
Afternoon we cruised south of  
Vinal Haven, past Bartlett,  
Around Stand In Point Ledge,  
Past Dogfish and Leadbetter,  
Poked into Long Cove.  
Her shallow draft made it easy  
To skim the shore, see the kelp,  
The barnacled and starfished bottom.  
We watched the tide, slipped  
Into the narrow gut of the Basin  
At slack water. Found a campsite.  
Cooked a supper. Visited a wier.

Overnighting meant an anchor  
Off the stern, an arrangement of pulleys  
To land. We'd pull her out,  
Far as she'd go to ride the tide,  
Always there at a tug of a line.  
Every night we pitched the tent,  
Cooked a meal from provisions  
Or ate clams Catherine dug from the flats

That night in the Basin,  
I heard the bore of water rushing  
Past with the pull of the tide,  
An eerie sound as we  
Snuggled deep in sleeping bags  
Next morning at slack water.  
We passed out through the gut,  
East through the Lairey Narrows,  
South, threading the White Islands,  
Hurricane, past Laireys Ledge  
Into the Reach, lunched at Greens Island,  
Where we dickered for lobster,  
Then a long sail, tacking and downwind.  
Tacking past ledges: Point, Bunker, Old  
Duke,  
Halibut; downwind inside Smith Island  
To Bluff Head, camping south  
Of Hen Island in Seal Bay.  
Dawn blew up stormy and wet,  
So we explored protected waters:  
One night at the head of Winter Harbor,  
Near an abandoned quarry,  
We saw a few lonely Hurricane Islanders  
Sitting patiently next to their flag.

After the weather cleared, we sailed  
The Fox Island Thoroughfare,  
Replenished at North Haven, going  
Downwind to Burnt Island,  
Off the tip of Oak Hill. Catherine  
Caught a few mackerel for supper.  
Midday, stopped at Butter Island's  
Crescent beach, landed briefly at Barred,  
Camped two nights at Little Spruce Head,  
Then with ominous weather threatening  
We headed south in a spanking breeze.

Cormorants crowded Egg Rock as we  
Cruised by on close reach,  
Rockland our noon destination.  
From there, we spent a few futile hours  
Searching Owls Head Bay, circling Emery  
Island  
Looking for landfall, finally dropping  
anchor  
In Rockport in the rain, we draped  
Canvas over the cockpit,  
Curled up like three peas in a pod.

It cleared that last morning  
For our sail out around Indian Island  
Past the Graves to Camden,  
Three sailors who had  
Floated in sixteen feet,  
Circling islands of the Penobscott  
For ten days.  
Sunburned, crusty with  
The wind in our ears,  
The sea in our souls.

I followed my daughter with duffel  
Down the dock and up the ramp,  
Thinking of the return to routine,  
Rooms with walls,  
Traffic on highways;  
Grateful for the time  
We had just spent together.  
Catherine flashed a look back at me  
As if to say "right on" and grinned.





## Book Review

### Windward Designs

#### Boat Plans Catalog

#### Third Edition

From the Boards of Chesapeake Marine Designs, Inc.

\$10

Reviewed by Tim Weaver



*Windward Designs*, Karl Stambaugh's catalog of plans for 30 boats between 7' and 35' is something out of the ordinary. Stambaugh, with a degree in Naval Architecture from the University of Michigan, and the builder of more than a few boats, has an ability to translate the spirit of old designs into a variety of boats that fit modern lives.

And when it comes to modern times, for many the word is access. It just isn't what it was. Try taking a maul, a cedar pole, a bit of clothesline, attendant hardware, and set yourself up a creekside rig down the end of that old, and I mean old, dirt road. The retired dentist who owns the piece of property that now includes that last bit of that old road before it hits the creek, a 20-acre piece of property, the minimum in some places on the Chesapeake now, will not be happy, and neither will your planked skiff once it's back at the house or condo drying out nicely in that suburban July sun.

That little boat, more and more, is not going anywhere in its traditional form. It's checkmate, real estate style. The old boats have

to come off a trailer now, like it or not, and where does that leave a traditional boat fan? We all know. Unless, of course, he's that retired dentist.

So, what to do? Well, the old, fact is, is never the new, but the values and discipline that the old boats represent can be carried into the present. It is, however, not simple, not if we want boats that are pleasing, trustworthy, and as familiar as the best of the old ones, boats that in small ways, metaphoric ways, teach us things. And there's more going on here than just substituting one material for the other, going from material that swells up to material that doesn't. Change materials and, often as not, as I learned going from a planked bottom on my 16' skiff to a plywood one, you change the boat and the way the boat sails.

Once that bottom swelled up, once those pine planks soaked up, that boat would just glide through the fall no more. My skiff's still pretty friendly, but she's different now. The same is true of dories. Take two similar dories, any multichined or, as they say, knuckled type will do. Let's keep it simple, one with plywood planking and one with traditional plank construction. They don't sit the same. They respond to wind and wave differently, and they're minimally changed boats, but one leaves you nervous and the other calms you down. The design factors that come into play just by the change in materials are big. They've got to be taken into account. The use of sheet plywood, and if we're going to do any work on the new traditional boats ourselves, that's the material we've got to come to terms with, means we're into developed surfaces.

Decisions concerning length, width, and depth of a derived hull have to be made. Some shapes can make the transition intact, some can't. To have sweet lines with modern materials, get out the computer, load on the CAD, and get into splines, it's not simple going, this working with the old in terms of the new. But it can be done, and Karl Stambaugh has given it some thought, about 30 years worth.

He's on to other notions, too. True to the sense of personal involvement the old boats represent, Stambaugh has nothing against you building that interesting re-creation, he, it seems, rather expects it to be a distinct possibility. That seems to be a design consideration. One gets the feel of his thinking in the following paragraph from his catalog:

"Even the most difficult boat in this catalog can be built with basic hand tools. The primary tools required include a circle saw (with carbide blade), a hand power plane, drill and belt sander. Remember to keep your tools sharp and in good condition.

"Wood is used for the majority of boats presented in this catalog because it is easy to work with, tools are readily available, and the material suits the style of the boat design presented. Plywood lends itself to simple panel construction. Lumber is fir, yellow pine, mahogany, or other rot resistant woods that are compatible with epoxy."

Seems to me he's translating the old ways into modern ways. But the basic way, common to both, remains the same, the common place and common sense will get the job done. That, it seems to me, is the heart of the issue. The old is the new again. That's his trick, and you don't need a special peening tool that's only made by a strange guy with an even stranger glint in his eye, using tools of secret origin handed down by untold generations of

mystified craftsmen deep in the larch forests of an unknown, or at least hard to get to land. As for that \$50 paint brush, I think that's a big maybe, too. Go to Sears, or Ace, or whatever, it'll do.

When it comes to the old boats, the ones of creek and bay that worked along-shore, they could not cost more than what would get the job done, boats where form and function are so often one, those boats you like but can't fit into your life anymore now that the creek down the way has become an up-scale marina complete with coffee bar, well there's light at the end of the tunnel.

That sprit boomed leg-o-mutton rig, the one you used to have in the old boat that died a while ago, that rig that every five, maybe ten, years forced you to hit the local hardware store for new gear, probably \$15 worth, maybe less, well, Stambaugh knows what that's about. He knows less is more. He likes these little ones, and likes facts like that, and he's taken the time to translate such notions into boats for modern times.

There are lots of nice boats in his catalog, sail and coastal cruisers as well as the little ones. For the intercoastal waterway trip, a must of my dreams, there are a few boats over 25' that merit attention. For the little boats, the ones that'll get the real use, maybe raise a couple of generations of children, take the family fishing, crabbing, take a few friends for a long-needed afternoon sail and the luxury of idle conversation, and maybe now and then go down the bay for a couple of days and live happily on a trailer, there's the *Windward 15*, his signature boat.

This boat has a cousin, the *Windward 21*, a two-masted, sprit-boomed leg-o-mutton rig with a cuddy cabin forward. She's vee-bottomed in a bateaux manner. Then there's *Sailing Skiff 15*. It was designed as his father's retirement building project, a boat to replace the *Culler Good Little Skiff* his dad had used for 20 years, a boat designed to have just a little more room, a little more freeboard, and improved sailing characteristics. There's a boat I'd like to try.

Then there's the really big stuff, that 60' plus *Marblehead Schooner*, now there's a boat. Doubt it's in the budget anytime soon, but it underlines what an unusual fellow Stambaugh is. Most naval architects save their best thinking for the big stuff, Karl saves a good bit of careful thinking for the little ones.

We are very lucky to have a traditional boat fan who has the know-how to bring the past into the present without destroying it. Some can, some can't. He can. He reminds me of an outstanding small boat designer who, due to circumstance, has not been able to create as much work as he would like, and that's Rob Pittaway.

Also in the works from Mr. Stambaugh, a book coming out by Christmas, *Good Skiffs, How They're Designed and Built*, Devereux Books, Marblehead, Massachusetts. Karl Stambaugh can be reached at Chesapeake Marine Design, Inc., 794 Creek View Rd., Severna Park, MD 21146.

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"Tous ensemble, tous ensemble, oui, out," "altogether, altogether, yes, yes!" reported the *Boston Globe* on July 13, the day after France was the unlikely winner of the World Soccer crown. Indeed, that team victory pulled together a fractious French population in a way that nothing else has done in years. Could one imagine that even if France came out of its economic doldrums, the effect on the disparate French populace would be such a spirit of camaraderie? But, oui, oui, say the French to their team The tie that binds us all, whether you call it camaraderie or team-manship in the collective sense, or "love" as it applies to each of us, defines the highest aspirations of all men as well as Frenchmen, and always will, despite the clamor today and every day over money and material wealth.

Whether in France, or right here at home, now, or in the past, human nature knows no boundaries, and the best values we hold can be shown at any time or place by the confluence of ordinary people expressing their love and respect for others. A vivid example was suggested by a seemingly ordinary obituary in the *Brockton Enterprise* in June of this year. It recites the usual facts of a man's life, but masks how the kernel of an idea in this man's mind expanded to infuse the lives of others around him with camaraderie, and, in a larger sense, fused a small core of men whose actions and attitudes exemplify life lived for love rather than lucre.

That man was Russell A. "Mike" Jenness, Sr., who died recently at age 68, a resident of Hanson, and retired after 36 years as a crew chief for Eastern Edison. The obituary relates that Mike, known to all as "Pa", was survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters, and had served in the US Marine Corps during the Korean War, receiving a Purple Heart. The obituary also tells us that Pa was "a wooden boat builder," and "... achieved a lifelong goal of building a boat to beat all others, for which he assembled an award winning crew ..."

Only days before Pa's passing, that crew, known as "Team Saquish", short for "Saquish Seafarer's Rowing Club of Plymouth", was the only American crew to compete on May 2nd and 3rd in the World

## Row Hard, No Excuses

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Pilot Gig Racing Championships in the Scilly Isles (part of Prince Charles' Duchy of Cornwall), a granitic archipelago of 140 tiny islands, twenty eight miles southwest of Land's End, off England's Cornish coast, only five of which are inhabited. But the obituary says nothing of the camaraderie, love and spirit shared by that crew in their quest, or of what broader implications can be drawn from their makeup and experience.

Pilot gig racing (in which each 32' gig has a crew of six oarsmen, each sitting singly and manning a single 14' oar, and a coxswain) originated around 1790 in the days of sail, when ships approaching port would require local pilots to help steer them there through unmarked shoals and reefs. Speedy, seaworthy, shallow draft gigs were developed to transport the pilots from shore to ship, since the first out got the job. Better charts and the advent of steam has virtually ended the use of gigs for the purpose of such guidance, but the tradition of gig rowing has survived, and now prospers, after decades of decline.

In this most recent event, which has now become a yearly international spectacle, 54 gigs and 111 crews, both male and female, mostly from the Scilly Isles, Cornwall, and Devon, but also from as far away as Holland, Australia, and the USA, competed before thousands of onlookers, who watched both from the shore and observer boats, lending the excitement of their thronged voices to the colorful scene of the gigs dashing at an amazing speed of close to 10 miles per hour, through seas made choppy by a stiff northeast breeze under a brilliant blue sky. The weather shortened 2-1/2 mile course ran between

the fabled island of Tresco (where millenia ago prehistoric people who migrated from Brittany and beyond raised thrusting men-hirs on the moor to their Gods, and lately Diana sought refuge from the paparazzi), and the main island of St. Mary's whose star-shaped castle with cannons built against the Spanish Armada rises high above the finish line.

Indeed, open boat gig racing is a spectacle, where precise timing and team-manship is required among the coxswain and six oarsman, each oarsman's whole body swaying in a long and arduous arc to gain maximum power from each stroke, bowing low to far front, and pulling to the rear with back fully arched and mien turned skyward, as if in prayer, at a punishing 40 to 44 strokes a minute, in the team's attempt to prevail against current, tide, wind, swell and the competing gigs.

One might think that for Team Saquish, whose members had trained hard and often for months to compete, winning would be the name of the game. After all, isn't winning, getting ahead, making your bundle, what it's all about? Perhaps surprisingly, but most certainly, in a most forceful and convincing way, this observer learned that to the members of Team Saquish, that's not what it's all about. Sure, they wanted to do well in the competition, but win or lose, the essence of something bigger and more important had filtered down to them from "Pa", too ill to attend, which was at the center of each man's thinking during the competition. In speaking with this writer, out of the hearing of the other members, to a man and almost to a word, each expressed the very same view of what the competition meant chiefly to him. Almost to a man, the word "camaraderie" was used. To a man, that idea came first, with winning a distant second, to all these hard working, mostly over 40 family men, all hailing from the towns around Plymouth, Massachusetts.

One of the best expressions of how the crew feels about what they do and each other was expressed by Steve Woll, a kindly and empathetic 45 year old wood-worker from Pembroke, Mass., who said, "I love not only the rowing but I love my comrades who I row with, it's the spirit of it all that's most important to us. It's that



experience of a team pulling together and learning to be great friends."

Or listen to the oldest of the team members, coxswain Bernie Smith, a calm and dignified 55 year old papergoods salesman, who says that "...the camaraderie is certainly great, and the general spirit, and I think everyone in the crew agrees with this, that there is only one way to lose, and that's not to give it everything you have."

Dave Sierveld, 41, a self-employed lobsterman from Hanson, Massachusetts, whose smile lines belie his solitary occupation, puts it this way: "I do it for the comradeship, just being with the other guys. It's a team spirit and you need everybody on the team pulling to accomplish your goal."

And always the team draws its inspiration from "Pa". Jon Daley, a bewhiskered and seafaring appearing 45 year old boat builder from Plympton, Massachusetts, not only talks of his "camaraderie with teammates", but adds, "we're rowing for Pa" and, "it's behind him we stand."

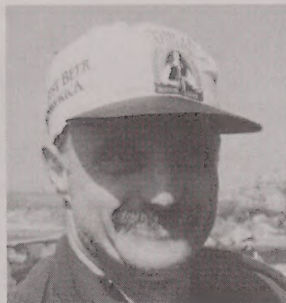
Burly Burt Jenness, the only under 40 on the team, a chef by trade who cooked for the team on this trip, and one of Pa's sons, tells how the team is able to muster extra effort in a pinch, saying that, "... to get more power, somebody always yells out, do it for Pa!" But Burt, like the others, sees it as a team effort, remarking, "I'm in awe of being here. I mean six or seven guys just doing this together is unreal." And as steady and steely blue eyed team member Tim Snow, a 43 year old electrician and corrections officer from Plympton, Massachusetts puts it, "... we work as one, just like an engine."

This spirit of camaraderie and respect among the team members became readily apparent in a short time to everyone with them for the pub parties, town hall dance, hikes on the moors of Tresco, and the awards dinner, in the five days and nights before, during and after the competition in the Scillies.

A concrete example of this spirit, one that, in fact, reduced Team Saquish's chances of prevailing, is the generosity they showed to the ten members of the young crew from the far North Faroe Islands, only six of whom would be allowed to race in the main competition on Saturday. Having made friends with the Faroe Island crew in the course of socializing that goes on before the competition, Team Saquish learned the Faroe boys' plight. With no prodding from any quarter, Burt Jenness and Dave Sierveld volunteered to crew with the four excluded Faroe members in a noncompetitive but just as strenuous pre-competition race at dusk on Friday evening. It is probable that those exertions reduced the effectiveness of Burt and Dave in the four races in which they participated with Team Saquish in the next two days, but their wish that the four young men from The Faroes should not have travelled all that distance without having a chance to row in competition, guided their offer to participate. An example of how true camaraderie spills over to benefit others, even those against whom you are competing! Compare this unselfishness with today's attitude of super paid



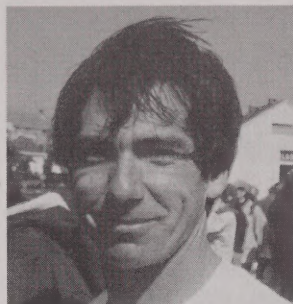
Mike Jenness, Jr.



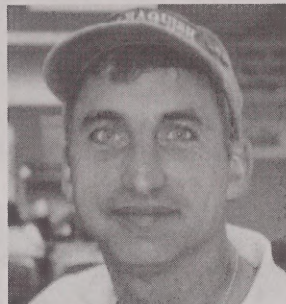
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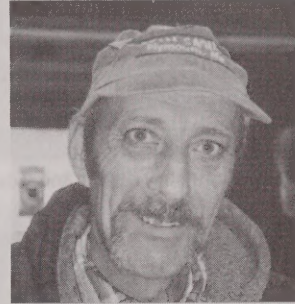
Jon Daley



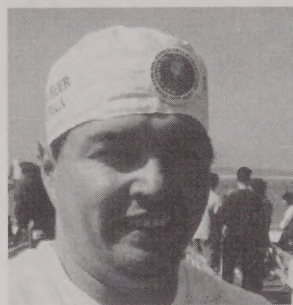
Dave Sierveld



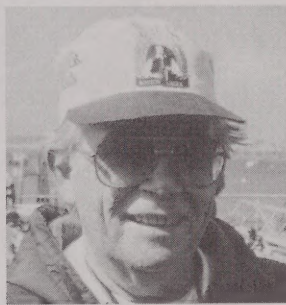
Tim Snow



John Thompson



Burt Jenness



Bernie Smith



Gordon "Guy" Jenness

athletes the world over. Certainly Team Saquish does not subscribe to the tenets of the "me" generation, nor to the Vince Lombardi code of "winning isn't everything, it's the only thing."

This observer was drawn to the event by the allure of a spectacle in a far away location known to have a romantic maritime history. The Scilly Isles, enchanting in themselves, are famous equally for the cultivation of early Spring flowers sent overnight for sale in Covent Garden and white seas roiling against craggy and de-ranged headlands weathered into massive and fantastical forms within a scant few feet of swaying palms and colorful tropical vegetation, a phenomenon created in this northerly latitude by the beneficence of the Gulf Stream. But knowing in advance something of Team Saquish's reputation for being able to submerge individual ambition to team effort, there was the hope of participating, even on the periphery, in an atmosphere of love and good fellowship. Indeed, that was the way it turned out. Perhaps that idea is best expressed by Pa's surviving only brother, Gordon "Guy" Jenness, also known as "Uncle", a grizzled and hearty 62 year old retired tree surgeon from Pembroke, Massachusetts, along with Team Saquish (as he puts it), as their mascot, he saying that "the biggest value is the camaraderie. It's a fact, you've got to be there to see it, they are like one. Seven people are just like that, like a ma-

chine, a well oiled machine."

In fact, the spirit of Pa comes to Team Saquish not only through son Burt, and brother Guy, but also through the team's leader, his son Russell "Mike" Jenness, Jr., 42, from East Bridgewater, Massachusetts, a gentle broadly smiling giant of a man, formerly an all eastern lineman at Northeastern University, now a Police Officer in Pembroke, Massachusetts. As Steve Woll (whom the others also look to for his good judgment and good sense) puts it, "Mike Jenness is a real leader. He was the one that got us involved with the Saquish just after the building started. We've rowed against Mike in many of the races, and always found him to be someone that we always wanted to go over and talk to because of his similar interests as our own, and we were excited about the opportunity to row with him because he sets the standard in so many ways. He deals well with people he doesn't know, and he's just a real positive fellow like all the rest. Mike put together a group of guys that really enjoy each other's company. An easy going group."

Mike might just as well have been speaking of the spirit of Team Saquish when he said of the Scillonians on his return from the Team's first visit in 1997, "the attitude, the spirit of the people over here is unbelievable, something you don't find much anymore in the States. There's a sense of community that made me think





Team Squish, friends and *Socoa* on the beach at St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly.



Launching *Socoa* for one of the races.

that this is what a place like Martha's Vineyard was like 90 or 100 years ago."

Team Squish's camaraderie is plain to native Scillonians as well. Muscular and merry Trevor Marks, a 30 year old butcher in St. Mary's of combined Irish/Scillonian ancestry, who helped out Team Squish with logistical and moral support, says about Team Squish, "I mean, yes, of course you always want to win your races, but with them I think if they win that's good for them, but I don't think they are too worried if they win or not, as long as they got a good team together."

This was the second time Team Squish had competed in the Scilly races, the first time in 1997, finishing then 38th in a field of 50, considered terrific by the Scillonians and Cornwallians who realize that for the Americans this was unfamiliar territory, gig racing being done very little in the USA, awarding them a trophy for sportsmanship in appreciation. One might liken that feat to an accomplished English cricket team coming over here and competing creditably in a major league playoff series, the wild card of all wild cards. This year Team Squish did even better, finishing 30th in a field of 53, competing again in a borrowed English gig called *Socoa*, and using borrowed oars heavier than the ones they were used to, sort of like trying to hit Pedro Martinez with a cricket bat. The fact is that Team Squish lacked funds to bring over their own gig and equipment, funding the trip with contributions, a team raffle, and personal funds, a bind which continues.

The Team's own gig, the *Squish*, was built by Pa and Mike over two years and 2,000 plus hours to slightly inaccurate specifications of an English gig drawn from American John Gardner's well known book *Building Classic Small Craft*. It probably would not have carried the day even if the team could have afforded to transport it, since only a gig constructed to accurate specs can hope to prevail.

Mike, wanting to build a traditional Cornish gig to correct specifications in which to compete, sought such specs from the Scillonians and Cornwallians. Perhaps the English powers that be saw an ill wind blowing, as it were, in the ability of the Americans to compete and perhaps win at the English game, and dissembled for a while in the time honed tradition of smugglers, salvors and mooncussers who for a century or more used gigs in the Scillies to ply their trades, to delay the upstart American team from winning, by withholding the valuable specs. Suffice to say that after the Dutch girls won the women's races this year, the Scillonians and the Cornwallians now seem to have accepted the fates, and are wooing Team Squish not only with the precise specifications, but forthcoming proposals to have some of their expenses paid to travel to race in the Scillies or off the Cornwall mainland, a rescue also in the tradition of the gigs, which often were used to save lives and cargo from ships foundering on the shoals surrounding the Scillies.

The struggle of Pa and Team Squish to build here a boat fit to compete in the

English competitions is a story in itself. Late in 1995, Pa and son Mike, amateurs only, began the building of their first gig, following John Gardner's plans. After spending many hours and making plenty of mistakes along the way, they finally had to scrap the project, and restart. The second time around, Pa and Mike were successful in building the *Squish* on those plans, and it was launched (perhaps appropriately) on July 4, 1996. After that, Mike carefully assembled the crew, now known as "Team Squish", wanting to race *Squish* in local competitions. They started very successfully, winning the Row to the Rock in Plymouth Harbor, and then were undefeated in ten major races on the New England open water circuit. Word of that got over to the Scillies, where John Thompson, a piratical looking but obliging islander, interested in the gig racing competition, contacted Mike with an invitation to compete in the next championship there in May, 1997. That challenge was accepted.

Meanwhile, Pa was not satisfied with the *Squish*, and though by now gravely ill, his wish was to start and complete a gig made to match and compete with the English gigs. The construction began in January of this year, the craft slated to be called, colorfully, *The Herringchoker*. Pa himself worked on the gig during the early months of the year with son Mike and other members of Team Squish, until he was too ill to continue. Chances are it will be a fine gig, although again, not quite an English gig, since only now will the exact specs be coming from the English. Hence, it is likely that a third gig will have to be built. Team members launched the second gig this Fall, and named it after "Pa".

Well they might, not only because of Pa's inspiration all down the line, but for how he used his last strength to reach the backwoods of Virginia in March (with his wife and daughter doing the driving) to find and purchase, at an affordable price, more of the very special oak required for the construction of the boat. Pa found the wood and brought it back, but shortly after he was reduced by his illness to watching the construction. And as much as he wanted to go to the Scilly Isles this last May, his health made that impossible. By the time of the competition, Pa was pretty much bedridden, but Mike and Burt called him daily with reports from the Scillies on how Team Squish was doing in the races.

So the future may yet see an American victory by this overage and sole American entry, inspired by Pa to build and crew its own boat in an international and famous competition far from home waters, rowing under the team motto of "Row hard. No excuses."

But whether or not anything like that comes to pass, victory will remain secondary to the teammanship and camaraderie shared not only by these hard-working, family oriented, mostly blue collar men from Boston's South Shore, but also by those folks, both English and American, lucky enough to come in close contact with them. For that contact, combined with the event itself, allows one to stand back for a short while and gain perspective on the shout and din of the sellers and buy-



ers clamoring daily for our attention in our centrifugal and whirling society. Doing that, the confusing becomes clear, the complex becomes simpler, and one sees once again or anew, what has value and what has not.

So the men of *Saquish* stand for and teach us something beyond themselves, by their simple act of faith in following a plain man's lead, and cohering into a whole greater than its parts, bound together by a spirit that, could we borrow it, would give us greater hope for survival in a dangerous and explosive world.

Nor does acting as a team negate the respect for individual expression which lies at the core of American values. After all, once the race is over, Team *Saquish* disbands until the next practice and the next race, and each man goes about his individual Scillies as he sees fit. But one might conjecture, can the rights of the individual run amok, and undermine society by a too free license, without the counterbalance of family, community, camaraderie, and love, so forcefully (and ironically) demonstrated to us in recent days by Mark McGwire, and Sammy Sosa and friends.

So perhaps the friends on Team *Saquish*, none of whom are ever likely to



Wives and friends of Team *Saquish* cheering them on.

be rich, not looking at the stock market quotes very often (it at all), but yet able to always provide nicely for their wives, children and families, speak to us more clearly than more bookish thinkers about our own society, by showing us in a simple but perhaps profound way, how clear

vision, simple virtues, and combined action may serve to preserve a great society from its worst impulses.

So as the French say, Team *Saquish* says, and so might we all say, "Tous ensemble, tous ensemble, oui, out," "altogether, altogether, yes, yes."

### *Mike Jenness Sr. Debuts at the Head of the Weir Race.*



Michael Jenness, Jr. and his father began building their 32' Cornish pilot gig boat together. But tragedy struck last November when "Pa" (Mike Sr.) was diagnosed with cancer. When "Pa" died in May, Jenness decided to finish the boat and name it after him.

Working from his father's plans, Mike began a five-month project which



ended with the official launch of the boat at the Head of the Weir race in Hull, Massachusetts in November.

"This is very emotional and everything is perfect except for the fact that "Pa" is not here," Jenness was quoted in a local newspaper article. Team *Saquish* and the *Mike Jenness Sr.* went on to win its first race.

According to the same newspaper report, the younger Jenness is approaching high schools in coastal communities to see whether there is interest in rowing as a team sport. "There is a great feeling of camaraderie and a great love for the ocean and boats," he said. "You don't feel like an outcast when everyone is together."

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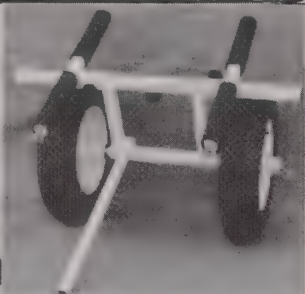
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Now I can get the biggest kick out of doing next to nothing for a few days in a boat. It's one of my few real talents. Take the Shoebox Fall Cruise series, for example. First week in October, *Shoebox* and I took off on a four-day cruise down Plum Island Sound. Only got as far as Rowley. Nothing exciting happened except a slow leak which, after some worrying, cured itself. After visits to Rowley, Plumbush, and Newburyport, and some cold windy weather, we returned to home port in Amesbury. It was wonderful, I had a ball.

Following several days of rain, my wife and I decided to take a trip up the Merrimack River and check out the fall foliage. It was not a promising day, chilly and drizzling. After lunch my bride, being a sensible lady, abandoned ship saying, "I'll see the colors up river next week." But I had to try it.

The tide was really "coming," as my friend Vid Whitney, Master of the schooner *Spirit of Massachusetts*, says. It took an "all back full" bell for *Shoebox* to clear the boat in the next slip. With the flood pushing, we fairly flew at half throttle. At 1430, with more than two hours until high water, no telling where we'd end up.

With the vague notion we might anchor somewhere west of the Rocks Village Bridge, I put my skins and boots on as it was wet and blowing a bit. Except for one or two fishermen, the river was devoid of traffic. The scenery was somber with very little in the way of foliage colors. But never mind, it was beautiful in its way, and all mine to enjoy.

Thought about fueling at McKenzies Marina and then looking into the Indian River inlet, but it was early and that would only waste this nice flood current. Very shortly it seemed we reached the Rocks Village bridge. It wasn't 4:00 PM yet, onward. Lots of cormorants fishing, plenty of ducks, some distant geese, but not a single great blue heron. Funny, that.

About 4:30, passing Abbot's Marine Service, I asked a man if they still had gas. "Not right now," he answered. I saw he was busy, getting ready to haul out a big cruiser, so I took his answer to mean "maybe later" and tied *Shoebox* at the last float upstream to stay out of the way.

I walked back down the pier to the gas pump with my 2-1/2 gallon red jerry can. The pump was padlocked. So I waited while watching Mr. Abbott and his helper haul the boat. It began to rain outright. Eventually, Mrs. Abbott showed up. I allowed as how I could use a few gallons of her finest gas. She was not amused, beginning our conversation with, "This is absolutely the last day for gas, we should have been closed for the season by now," etc., etc. Seeing *Shoebox*, she added, "You came the last (possible) day last year, too." Good memory, I confessed I did. Last minute Charlie remained unusually quiet as she unlocked the pump and filled my small order.

Stowing the jerry can under the cockpit seat, we got underway in a steady rain for the Groveland bridge and points west. No activity at the Groveland boat ramp. Harbormaster's boat was not around, well maybe I'd see Jack Callahan on my way back. It was 5:00 PM, with the flood still helping us along as we passed under the Groveland bridge. Might just as well head for Haverhill and see if they have a vacant slip at the Crescent Yacht Club. If not, we can fall back downriver a bit and anchor for the night.

## Up The Merrimack

By Tim O'Brien

I'm getting cold now and my legs are getting a bit tired, so being a lazy fellow, I hope there's a vacant slip. Just after sunset and already dark, I checked out the yacht club's floating pier. Only one slip vacant but, because of the dinghy being towed alongside, only useable if I backed in with the current, not likely. However, at the very end of the dock was a small float that I thought I could make do. So we made up there, hoping no one would object.

Turns out there was some objection, mostly from one rather opinionated lady sitting at the club bar. But the rest of the natives were friendly. The bartender called the club commodore, Ed Hartman, who said, "Fine, stay right where you are."

I had a few jars and headed back to *Shoebox* to cook dinner and get some needed sleep, it had been a long, wet day.

I slept like a stone, not waking fully until almost 7:00 AM. It was past high water and starting to ebb. After some tea and jellied bread, I got underway to cross the river to tie up at the Haverhill town pier (in the park near the fire station). Across the riverfront road I saw a grocery and a drugstore. I needed some orange juice and a notebook to write this maritime memoir for posterity.

Asking at the fire house if it was all right to tie up there for a while, I was told, "Yah, sure, but I wouldn't leave the boat unattended for too long." I did my shopping and was heading down river in about 30 minutes.

It looked a little brighter and fairly warm at 55°F with a light breeze from the east. We enjoyed a slow trip down river to Groveland where I thought I'd look up Jack Callahan, the town's harbormaster. His big Herreshoff boat was not on its usual mooring and the place was rather quiet. The only one on the small shell beach was a young boy fishing, his mother in a car keeping an eye on him.

I tied off at the end of the boat ramp float in about 4' of water. A sign saying "Don't stay more than 15 minutes without permission of the harbormaster" didn't seem to apply after the season, but since there was a phone number, I called, reaching the Groveland Police dispatcher who said it was fine to stay for a while and that she would tell Jack Callahan if he showed up.

The sun came out for a time and I needed to stretch my legs. So, locking up, I went off on a long walk. Turned into a beautiful fall afternoon, cool and windy but bright. There were some neat old houses along the river road and a fine old spired white clapboard church. Across from the church was a small park complete with several old maple trees and monument to the 27 men who fought and died in the War of the Rebellion, the Civil War. After walking across the Groveland bridge, over and back, I returned to *Shoebox*.

No sooner was I back onboard when the harbormaster showed up. Jack Callahan is a fine guy and we had a good chat for 20 minutes or so. He said I could stay alongside the float or pick up his mooring, as I wished. It was almost twilight when he left, and I opted

for the mooring as being more restful. After securing *Shoebox* on the mooring about 100' off the town float, I made supper, a big load of hash and beans, plenty of pumpernickel bread, and hot tea to wash it all down. By 8:00 I was both stuffed and happily bedded down for the night. What a fine day!

Waking at first light, I made breakfast while waiting for the tide to turn. I watched a rather grey dawn, still full overcast but the cloud cover seemed a bit higher than yesterday. When the current turned my way, I slipped Jack Callahan's mooring and moved off slowly downriver. Other than a construction crew working on a big new house across the river, all was quiet.

A man walking a big yellow Lab waved, which I returned plus a long blast on the conch horn. He seemed to appreciate that quite audible salute, but it startled the dog. As we moved along close to shore, we pushed a pair of belted kingfishers along ahead of us. Their jerky "pump and glide" flight mode was interrupted by frequent short stops in overhanging tree branches. They didn't seem to be actively fishing and eventually returned upriver without a single dive.

The ebb current was really moving as we approached the Rocks Village bridge. The turntable framework for the swing section of the bridge is pointed up stream and its timbers are clad with thick steel plates (to protect it from ice damage). To an approaching small boat, this formidable arrangement looks ever so much like a steel ship moving up river at a good clip. It's a bit scary to consider your fate if you miscalculate in this "meeting situation."

Such a collision could ruin your whole day. We passed through fair and square. Along this section of the river it pays to mind the buoys carefully and leave all the stone ledges well clear to starboard. In no time at all, we passed the Indian River entrance and shortly could see the hat factory water tank between McKenzies and Larry's Marina in Amesbury.

I cut the engine and drifted while cleaning up and getting dock lines ready. The ebb was strong, so I figured on making a wide approach on the up-current side of Tony Noon's float, letting the current set me in to my usual berth. So much for prior planning, there was no ebb inshore by the float but instead an eddy current in the other direction. As usual when you screw up in spades, everyone's there to watch. Anyway, one of Tony's helpers showed up to take a thrown line, or I would have been a lot longer getting alongside. Oh well, I'll do better next time.

It had been a fine cruise upriver. Not very exciting, but then I'd had my share of excitement at sea and don't crave more. It's well to reflect on what else Mr. Water Rat had to say about boats and I quote: "In or out of 'em doesn't matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that's the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination, or whether you reach somewhere else; or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you've done it there's always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you'd much better not."

Like Mr. Mole, I agreed with the Water Rat, then to celebrate the completion of another successful voyage, I thought I might do some work around the boat, but after lunch I changed my mind and took a nap instead.



Time: Thursday evening, July 29, 1920. Place: Mid-Atlantic in latitude 49 degrees-40 minutes W. Dramatis Personae: F. W. (Casey) Baldwin, James Dorsett (slightly out of focus), W. W. Nutting. Scene: Cabin of the *Typhoon*, at an angle varying from ten to twenty-five degrees from the horizontal, looking aft.

In right foreground, unoccupied pipe berth folded against sheathing; farther aft, transom on which reclines blanketed form of J. D. in attitude like cartoonist's conception of "a morning after"; still farther aft, galley with drain board and range covered with pots, pans and dishes in artistic disarray. On left, dresser and two unoccupied bunks filled with heavy clothing, sleeping bags and Dill's Best in countless yellow packages.

Seated at table endeavoring to write, with remnants of dinner sliding hither and yon, W. W. N., cursing softly as coffee slips to loo'ard and is lost in blanketed form of J. D.

Upstage, well-nourished form of F. W. B. struggling to maintain vertical position, ever and anon coming up sharply on one side or the other as ship rolls, tripping over boots and wet oilskins and skidding dangerously on oil-soaked floor, the while endeavoring, with all the helplessness of a thoroughgoing engineer, to keep the home fire burning in the Shipmate range.

Farther upstage, companionway steps, beneath which may be seen the shrouded figure of a motor with pressure gauge on air tank registering zero, and out the hatch above, the light of a lantern reflected on the wet mizzenmast and deserted wheel. The ship is sailing herself. W. W. N. reads rough draft of Chapter III as follows:

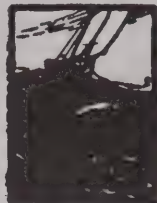
"So this is the North Atlantic and these are the 'Roaring Forties'! It isn't half bad now that we have mastered the art of living under constant motion and have developed a sort of sixth sense of equilibrium. But it's strenuous beyond the dreams of a landsman. To cook a meal and no less to eat it in a rolling cabin with never a let-up to the motion, requires several days of adjustment, but we have come through all that, and although J. D. is still a bit 'out of the picture', we are as hard as the black gang of a submarine chaser.

Today marks the completion of a week's run from Cape Race, Newfoundland, and in that week we have covered 1037 nautical miles (nearly 1200 land miles). This run was made entirely under sail (and very little of that at times) and never to our knowledge has a small craft of the type of *Typhoon* made a better one. Hard, continuous weather, mostly from the southwest, made possible the rather remarkable daily average for the week of 148.39 nautical miles, and if we could count on maintaining this speed for the rest of the voyage there would be no difficulty in reaching Cowes in time for the races. But to hold an average speed of 6.18 knots is too much to hope for, and the best we can do is to drive *Typhoon* for all she is worth without a moment's let-down, and pray to Boreas to remain abaft the beam.

In the last chapter we told of the launching of *Typhoon* three days after the

## The Track of the *Typhoon*

By William Washburn Nutting



### Chapter III Fighting Time Across The North Atlantic

day on which we had hoped to start for England. It was July 17 before we were actually ready for the take-off, and even then many things had to be left undone. In those intervening fourteen days the masts were stepped; the spars, standing and running rigging completed; the tender finished; galley and coal bin installed; sails bent; bunks, table and pipe berths finished; motor tried out; ballast, fuel and water taken aboard; all of which left only time enough for the trial spin mentioned in the last story.

On the evening of the 14th the little Bras d'Or Yacht Club gave a party for the crew of the *Typhoon*, an affair that will always stick in the memory of at least one of those who were present. Never was our old friend Commodore George Hollifield in better form, and the things he said as he made me an honorary member of the club and presented me with the blue burgee with its arm of gold, warmed by hospitality and good red punch, so flustered me that I couldn't think of a thing to say—and said it. However there were those at the memorable little gathering who made up for my own inadequacy. George Kennan, the man who first let the light of day into darkest Siberia and whose name is a household word among the older generation, told of his first meeting up with little old *Nereis* seven years ago; Dr. Graham Bell presented us with a clever apparatus for distilling drinking water from sea water, which he had developed for the *Typhoon*, and drank our health in water distilled with it; Premier Murray of Nova Scotia wished us Godspeed in a bully talk; Commander Dobson and Commander Mann lent an international aspect to the toast list, and Old Casey Baldwin, thus far the only other member of the crew, delivered a few intelligent remarks about the purpose of the boat and the cruise and really made the whole venture sound quite rational. Up to that time I had been somewhat in doubt as to just how to explain the thing.

There were more talks and songs, some of them in the native Gaelic of the

Highland ancestors of Baddeck, the same wild, free tongue that had hurled down defiance on the Romans centuries before the Norman Conquest. And as we went back across the lake in the small hours of the night I felt that if ever I failed to make a go of it in New York, which is entirely possible, there would be at least one place in the world in which I should feel at home.

Thus far little attention had been given to the motor, but the next day we mobilized all the available talent and went at it seriously. In the hurry before leaving town I had failed to make the run up to the factory to get some pointers on the new oil engine, and this oversight I keenly regretted when it came to trying out the power plant. We found that no adequate instructions had been sent and none of the punk which is used in starting, and it was then too late to communicate with the shop. I remembered that someone had said something about blotting paper and salt-peter, and with these we finally got a fairly successful fuse that burned neither too fast nor too slowly, and after charging the air tank with the air bottles used in starting the Libertys of the HD-4, we were ready. We opened the air valves. Nothing happened. Then we tried priming with gasoline and heating the bayonet plug with a blow torch and finally with 150lbs of air we got her going, and a world that had begun to look as gloomy as the Grand Banks took on a much more cheerful aspect.

It was gratifying to see that we had guessed right and that *Typhoon* actually did about five miles per hour under power. With the motor we ran our pressure up to 250lbs, but found that we lost it rapidly due to an imperfect seat in the safety valve on the tank. When we stopped the motor we found that the plunger which is actuated by the starting cam had stuck and by the time this was taken down and corrected our air pressure was too low to turn her over. We took off the safety valve and plugged the hole in the tank and then repeated the operation, having no difficulty in starting with 200lbs of air. But we were working in the dark and doubtless went to a lot more trouble than would have been necessary had we had the proper instructions.

The problem of a crew not yet having been solved, we looked about for an available third hand and hit on James Dorsett, a young chap from Washington who was spending the summer keeping the Libertys of the HD-4 in condition. Jim had never been to sea, but his enthusiasm and adaptability were sufficient qualifications and we signed him on and decided to let it go at that. I must confess that I was relieved, for I had felt that while two university-trained mechanical engineers could sail *Typhoon* to England, we might need a little practical assistance on the motor.

But one day remained before the 17th, the day we had decided on for the start, and this day was spent largely in taking things aboard. The 200gal water tank was filled; six water breakers were chocked and lashed along the sides of the cockpit; all but one bag of a ton of hard coal was stowed, part in the coal bin and the rest in the lazarette, together with some kindling; our 75 fathoms of chain was stowed aft of the motor and our spare rope was placed part in the



cockpit and part forward. Then about 700lbs of pig lead was fitted in around and forward of the motor bed and we were ready for our stores.

Long into the night we worked getting the canned goods stowed, checking off the various items and making a note of where they were placed as we went along. In a small boat where every last bit of space is utilized, this matter of keeping a list of what the various lockers contain is of great importance and saves a lot of time and effort when you get to sea. Later, as we used the stores, we checked them off, and in this way maintained a sort of running inventory, obviating the necessity of going through the lockers when restocking on the other side.

The next day was Saturday, July 17, the day we had set for the start, and it was spent in taking aboard and storing our personal effects, Waltham chronometer, navigating instruments, charts and cooking utensils. It wasn't as though we could put in now and then and pick up odds and ends that might be overlooked. Except for the possibility of a hurried call at St. Pierre, Miquelon, our first stop would be the Isle of Wight or possibly Queenstown, Ireland. Nothing could be overlooked.

The man who puts to sea in a well-found ship has a comparatively easy job of fitting out. His boat has been tried out, his gear is in working order, he knows the deviation of his compass, he already has accumulated, through long experience with his craft, those innumerable little odds and ends, tools, spare parts and the like, that go to make up the equipment of a boat, and he has them stowed in convenient places. All he needs to worry about is the stores and duff for that particular cruise. But our ship was new, not really finished in fact; she had not been swung for deviation and the mass of gear and stores had not gravitated to their most convenient places as they will only in the course of time.

And then just as we thought we had everything aboard, there arrived a lot more stores; eighteen dozen eggs packed in salt, several cases of ginger ale and the other important ingredient of a ginger ale highball, a cold roast of beef, oranges, bananas, fresh bread and a crock of butter, and when these were safely below decks, it was obvious that we should have little comfort until we had eaten a hole out of the chaos big enough to turn around in. It was a strenuous day and it was dark before we were ready to pull out for Baddeck, across the lake, from which point the official start was to be made.

Sydney Breese planned to convoy us possibly as far as the Miquelon Islands, and he already had left in the *Filatonga*, with Commander Mann and Commander Dobson aboard, when at 9:20pm we cast off from the dock below Baldwin's bungalow, waved a last goodbye to the little group on the pier and slipped off for Baddeck Light under jib and mizzen.

Our electric lighting outfit, which had been shipped from Dayton four months before, had not yet arrived and there was a last minute scramble for lamps, several of which we commandeered from Pinaud's *Alexander*. These necessitated extra chim-



Fighting time all the way across, we cracked on until the lee rail was buried.

neys and more kerosene, and there was signal oil to be found for the English lamp we had fitted to our binnacle in case we should have trouble with the dry cells which we were forced to use as a source of current for the Polaris electrically lighted compass. And then, too, there was alcohol (at \$7 a gallon) to start the Primus stove which we carried in gimbals as an auxiliary to our Shipmate. When these things and a few others had been attended to, to the accompaniment of songs from a visiting choir and innumerable farewells, we were ready to start the motor and get under way. But the air pressure had dropped again, necessitating considerable exercise with the hand pump contributed by enthusiastic volunteers, before we finally got her going. Then a farewell booster, a handshake with old George Hollifield and our fellow members of the Bras d'Or Club, and we were off at 1:40am July 18.

As we rounded Beinn Bhreagh Point twenty minutes later we hoisted full sail to a light southwest breeze and under power and sail headed out Great Bras d'Or Passage for the sea. At 3:50am the motor stopped for some unknown reason, but, although there was practically no wind, a favorable tide carried us briskly on our way. At 7:45 we passed out of Big Bras d'Or with a southwest breeze and streamed the log. At last we were at sea.

Breese crowded all sail on *Filatonga* and headed for St. Pierre and the *Alexander*, which had accompanied us from Baddeck, came alongside, shouted a farewell and headed back. Then we turned to on the motor. Taking off the air connection plug we found that water had leaked past the ground joint into the cylinder, and in all probability this water backing into the check valves in the airline had caused trouble. When we got the parts reassembled we overlooked the fact that the clutch was still engaged, as it had been when the motor stopped, and in attempting to start we lost our air and were unable to get it up to the required pressure again by hand. Things had stiffened up a bit, necessitating more pressure than would have been required normally.

Finally, about midnight during my watch, I could stand it no longer, and feeling that the last vestige of a chance to reach Cowes in time was gone, I took in all sail, snugged the booms in the crutches and went below and turned in with the rest. At 3am Casey put sail on her again and was able to make about two knots until 6am, when it went flat again and remained so until about noon, when a light southerly breeze sprang up.

Thus far we had not determined the deviation of our steering compass, except as we could approximate it by comparison with the spare one, which we took forward out of the influence of the motor and iron ballast. But Casey, who has the happy faculty of using his head occasionally for the purpose for which it was intended, got the bearing of the sun as it rose, and from this we were able to get a fair idea of our deviation by comparison with the azimuth of the sun for that day as found in the tables, as follows:

Sun rose E. x N., or roughly 80 degrees. Latitude (approximately) 46 degrees 30 minutes. Declination from almanac 20 degrees 55.5 minutes. Azimuth (from Burdwood) 58 degrees 57 minutes. Variation (from chart) 26 degrees 15 minutes. Observed bearing of sun 80 degrees. Deviation = 5 degrees 12 minutes.

There was practically no wind, we were dog tired, Jim was beginning to feel the effects of the ground swell and withal the outlook was anything but encouraging. Then about the middle of the afternoon, *Filatonga* hove in sight again. Breese came aboard and explained that they had decided to put back to St. Anns after tuna instead of continuing on to St. Pierre, and as they waved us a bon voyage, chugging off under motor power, our prospects looked anything but bon. In fact the bottom seemed to have dropped out of our luck entirely.

All that night we slatted about in a glassy ground swell, absolutely the most exasperating experience in the whole category of unpleasant things. Hell, I am sure, is paved not with good intentions, but with glassy ground swells.





The galley. The rope hung from the Shipmate range was used to lash the cook in place when the weather was bad.



The skipper's trick at the wheel.

Casey improvises a strop for the main boom.



The only really important piece of equipment we forgot was our prism sighting compass. Had we brought it such bearings as the above would have been accurate instead of mere approximations, as was necessarily the case when taken by aiming the whole ship at the object or merely looking across the compass card. But for our purpose an error of two or three degrees made no material difference.

Throughout the afternoon the breeze held, but it was so light that our progress at no time was over couple of knots. At 9 it picked up a bit and at 10 had attained sufficient weight to warrant taking a single reef in the mainsail. At midnight we took in the mainsail entirely and made good headway for the rest of the night under jib and mizzen. Our luck was changing. We wanted heavy weather.

Tuesday the 20th was one of those ominous days that requires no falling glass to convince you that something unusual is going to happen. St. Pierre, that had been so alluring when we were planning the cruise, now took on an entirely different aspect. Logically we should put in there to correct the trouble that had been developed in our air starting system. It seemed reasonable to waste another day or two in order that we might depend on the motor for the rest of the passage. Cold, calm reason said that time thus spent would be more than made up later by the motor, but secretly I felt that once we got into St. Pierre harbor, cold calm reason might persuade us that there was not a ghost of a chance of reaching Cowes in time for the races, and this being the case what would be the point in sailing across the Atlantic at all?

Secretly I was glad that just at this juncture we got a spell of weather that put St. Pierre out of the question entirely, and I think the others were too. Tacitly we agreed to take the hundred to one chance and keep on for England.

By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the wind had backed so far to the eastward that we were forced to come about on the other tack. Night was coming on, the fog was thick and we were not sure just how far we were off the Newfoundland coast. The best we could do on the port tack was SE x S, but we were working out to sea, which was more comfortable than taking chances with one of the deadliest coastlines in the world. Still under jib and mizzen we kept her headed well into it until we were practically lying to, and all the while the wind and sea were increasing.

By nightfall it was blowing a full gale. We should have had the sea anchor ready and the line rove through the bull nose on the end of the bowsprit so that we could have thrown it over from the cockpit. But the sea anchor was one of those things that hadn't been finished, and even had it been, it was then too late to work forward without a bad drubbing and a fifty-fifty chance of going overboard. The only thing to do was to stick it out in the cockpit and take a chance that the jib and mizzen would stand the punishment.

Steadily the wind increased. I had the wheel for the first night watch while Casey went below to grab what little rest was possible. Jim was under the weather, and

anyway we felt that it was better to take watch and watch and hold him in reserve in case it became necessary to take in sail, when Casey and I would have to work on deck. Crouched down in the shelter of the weather coaming I kept her full and by, luffing her now and then to meet the phosphorescent crests as they bore down on us. Never to my knowledge was her nose actually under it, but time and again great masses of broken water came over the weather bow.

It was a roaring, wild, wonderful night, the sky pitch black, the sea a driving stampede of weird, unearthly lights. The countless crests of breaking waves made luminous patches in the blackness as though lit by some ghostly light from beneath the sea, and the tops, whipped off by the wind, cut the sky with horizontal streaks of a more brilliant light, like the sparks from a prairie fire. Never have I seen such phosphorescence.

At 12 o'clock, wet and cold from constant drenchings and tired out, I turned the wheel over to Casey. We were carrying too much sail, but we decided to wait for daylight before attempting to take off any thing. Below the sensation was indescribable. The roar of the wind and breaking seas was deadened, but the crash of water as it fell on deck with nearly every sea was terrific. Sleep was out of the question. It was impossible to stay in the weather bunks, and in fact it required constant effort to stay put anywhere. Gradually, I dozed off into catnaps, to wake with a start with every smash. Now and then I looked out the companionway to see how things were going. Casey, drenched and grinning, was in his element. The wind was still increasing, but there was no trace of concern in his voice as he shouted back a "cheerio" through the racket. He was enjoying himself as only the man at the wheel can at such a time. "Casey at the wheel" offers greater possibilities for poetic treatment than his cognominal predecessor at the bat.

By 3 o'clock the wind seemed to have dropped a trifle and, as it was then starting to get light, we all went on deck and Jim took the wheel while Casey and I doused the mizzen and secured the boom in its crutch. Running before it, under the jib alone, *Typhoon* behaved better, or rather was easier, for she had behaved superbly under jib and mizzen, and we found that she would sail herself beautifully with the wind over the quarter. This being the case, we snugged things down and all went below and slept until 9 o'clock.

The next entry in the log reads: 9:15. Opened a can of peaches. We had eaten very little. Jim reports success with the peaches. Although wind and sea high, set mizzen for greater speed. 12m. Log 201 miles. Doing 6 knots under jib and mizzen.

By this time, the weather having cleared, we had got back on our course again with the wind well abaft the beam. *Typhoon* ran beautifully with none of the predicted rooting; the fine bow and broad stern seemed to work in perfect harmony. Whether the radical features would be justified by unusual speed remained to be seen, but there was no question that her behavior





on any point of sailing in a heavy sea was superb.

Although we were then well beyond the French islands, we could have made Trepassy Bay without much loss of time, but we decided to hold to our decision to keep on.

About this time we made an annoying discovery. In some way several gallons of fuel oil had got into the bilge, and during the drubbing of the night before, this oil, floating on the bilge water, had got into everything. Following up inside the sheathing as the ship rolled, it had worked through into the lee berths and cushions and, had it not been for the fact that most of the food in the lockers on that side was in tins, it would have caused much more damage than it did. We found that we had forgotten to shut off the fuel line at the tanks, and when we heeled, the head of pressure created by the upper tank had forced the oil out of the air vent in the filler cap of the lower one. Our rotary bilge pump had not yet been connected up, and it involved considerable labor and acrobatics to bail out the ship by means of a hand pump and pail.

At 5:45 the following morning, July 22, we spoke the schooner *James W. Parker* of Gloucester and asked him to report us. He gave us our position as about ten miles SW of Cape Race, which was a bit off, as we sighted the dim outline of the Cape shortly before noon. The log read 337 nautical miles (359 from Baddeck) and from this point we took our departure.

(To Be Continued)



Snug in the lee of the coaming.

The heave of the open sea.







What a way to start a sailing cruise!

**Monday September 28:** The Bradleys, Dennis and Linda, with the geezer dog Noya in the big Ford diesel and me in the red Nissan convoyed down from Delta, Colorado while Steve headed south from Salt Lake. After a 9am start and a couple of leisurely meals, we toured the Page Safeway and wandered into the Wahweap Marina about 9pm. A cursory search didn't turn up any sign of Steve so we bagged it up in the parking lot. The sign said "No Camping" but since we didn't have any tents we felt comfortable. Everything is subject to definition these days. Steve found us about sunup after "camping" in another lot.

**Tuesday September 29:** We stood out like a sore thumb, what with Dennis' Long Micro, *Julia May*, and my A Duckah! The long Micro is a classic and unmistakable Bolger job, as Dennis found out on his way west. He was stopped at a rest area in Glenwood Canyon when a passerby recognised the boat and insisted Dennis should swing by Redstone and meet Bill Jochems, another Bolger fan. I have seen Bill's very nice Martha Jane in a shed down in Delta. It's for sale (see October classifieds) and a good chance for someone to do some western sailing or come along down to Baja this winter. Bill begged off on this year's Kokopelli because his new boat, a big leeboard schooner, is berthed down on Lake Mead.

We soon had the boats in the water at the State Line ramp and we left Dennis and Linda to putter around while we ran the van to the airport for the end of the trip shuttle. What with one thing and another we didn't cast off till nearly noon. It was dead calm and I rowed a ways but the motor guys were moving on so I took a line from Steve.

Wahweap and Padre bays offer large expanses for sailing and as the afternoon advanced the breeze began to build out of the SW. Before long the good fetch began to generate some lumpy going. Linda was making noises about taking the dog and meeting us at the other end, thus, about 1500 Steve hit a nice beach and waited for confirmation.

## Kokopelli V A Cruise Beyond The Rainbow

By Jim Thayer

We all agreed that it was pretty early and one shouldn't waste a good sailing breeze, but with warm sand between our toes nobody seemed inclined to push off. Dennis and Steve climbed a nearby eminence and I wandered about admiring the polished cobbles that in the distant past had made their way down from the Henrys. The Bradleys hosted Cuba Libres and spaghetti aboard the big boat, newly christened The Mother Ship.

**Wednesday September 30:** We set off at an easy pace and chuckled merrily along. At some point Steve and I exchanged boats so that I could admire my new mizzen at work.

The wind got pushier as the day wore on and we were really making tracks for Wetherill Canyon. Dennis and I were almost together as we turned for the canyon and came broad on the wind. Just then a good blast hit and the old Duckah picked up her skirts and planed about 100yds. Made my day. Once inside, I went ashore on a decent beach to plant the flag while the others motored on to see if something better offered. I was about to row off after them when they came back to report that all the good places were taken. I did spaghetti for dinner.

**Thursday October 1:** Loaded with Dennis' pancakes, we left the other boats on the beach and powered upstream in the Pearl to see if we could get to the end. Reduced to paddling with oars, we pushed over one shallow spot and finally gave it up on a muddy bank. We set off on foot feeling our way through the murky water, the dog leading the way. We were encouraged by long dry stretches but they were always followed by more pools, some approaching critical crotch depth. There were purple streaks in places on the walls, scooter spore from higher levels.

Finally there was no help for it but swimming. Steve and Dennis kept going but Linda and I thought somebody should watch the boat. We cleaned all the mud off the ship and got her turned around. Before long the explorers were back without having gotten too far. The ship was all mud again and the poor old dog, shivering uncontrollably, was wrapped in a coat.

About mid afternoon we passed up Forbidding Canyon thinking to come back in the Mother Ship. Around the corner in Oak Bay we found a good spot on an island and, ditching the small boats, set out for Rainbow Bridge in Mom.

I had been telling how rough it was going to be, because about 30 years ago when we took the Great Pelican up there, it was like being in a washing machine. Fortunately there wasn't much traffic and the Long Micro rides like a Greyhound Bus anyway. Rainbow, the largest natural bridge in the world, is well worth the trip. Once back in the channel, Dennis reefed and we did some sailing, arriving back at camp in jig time.

For supper Steve treated with a Thai curry washed down with a nice merlot and tamped down with brownies. A splendid day.

Steve and I have a little rivalry to get the best sleeping spot. It's not much of a competition since he is willing to haul gear a lot farther than I am to get a primo spot. This particular night I had grabbed off a nice pre-dug shelf while Steve had to dig his own. As luck would have it, the wind honked all night, blowing sand off my back wall right on top of me. It was pretty gritty sleeping. I'd have been a lot smarter to sleep in the boat.

**Friday October 2:** Come sunup I was in the Nymph rowing out to the dump station moored in the center of the bay. These little islands feature a pumpout station, a porta-potti sink and ladies and gents sit down facilities. They have been financed by the new entrance fees. Being a geezer with a golden eagle and a motorless boat, I got in for free but I made myself at home just the same. It was upwind and a bit of a workout on the way back but I had the





Julia May, a Long Micro.



A view from the Mother Ship.



Curious cobbles.



Rainbow Bridge, 309' high.

Little boat, big canyon, good wind.





satisfaction of a mission accomplished.

I got away first and kept the lead into a large bay where the San Juan meets the Colorado. Uncharacteristically, the wind had blown all night and the climbing sun was cranking it up a few notches. Not for sure which way to go I headed up and let the mizzen hold her head to wind while I reefed and then got some video of Steve as he came booming along, also well reefed.

It turned out that we went left and then ducked in behind a point to take a break and sort out the gear. I went partway up the hill and got a steady reading of 18-19mph with a blip to 22mph. There was a houseboat behind the point and the two guys seemed rather envious of our expedition.

Well reefed and with less fetch, it was a pleasant run to Hole-in-the-Rock where the Mormons let their wagons down the cliff. For years I've been meaning to take the road out there. Now I've got to do it to see the place from the top.

Some time after lunch we hung a left into Escalante Canyon. It was fluky going up to Davis Gulch where it became dead to windward. The other guys went mechanical but the true sailor tacked all the way.

Steve picked us a nice spot with sandy beach in a big alcove that limited the hiking.

Wanting to see some country, we powered the Pearl to the end of the water and set out up a pretty canyon with a live stream. Hilight of the trip was a stock trail, in places chipped into the rock, that led up on top. It wasn't anyplace that I would care to push cows.

Back at the boat Steve discovered that one of his rudder fittings was out of whack. On return to camp Dennis produced a tool kit and spares box that would have been the envy of most farm shops. He even had a Makita. The failed fitting depended upon a pin held in the upper part by set screws. Why not a headed pin with a cotter? Never would have happened with my standard 20d rusty nails. With Dennis' arsenal it was soon put to rights.

**Saturday October 3:** There was talk of spending another day on the Escalante but in the end we moved on. All went well until we got to the big bend where we were assured of a headwind. Before it hit us Steve organized a tow with everything strung out behind the Mother Ship. We then piled aboard Mom and had a leisurely lunch while the little 4-horse Honda pushed the whole fleet into the wind without seeming to work very hard.



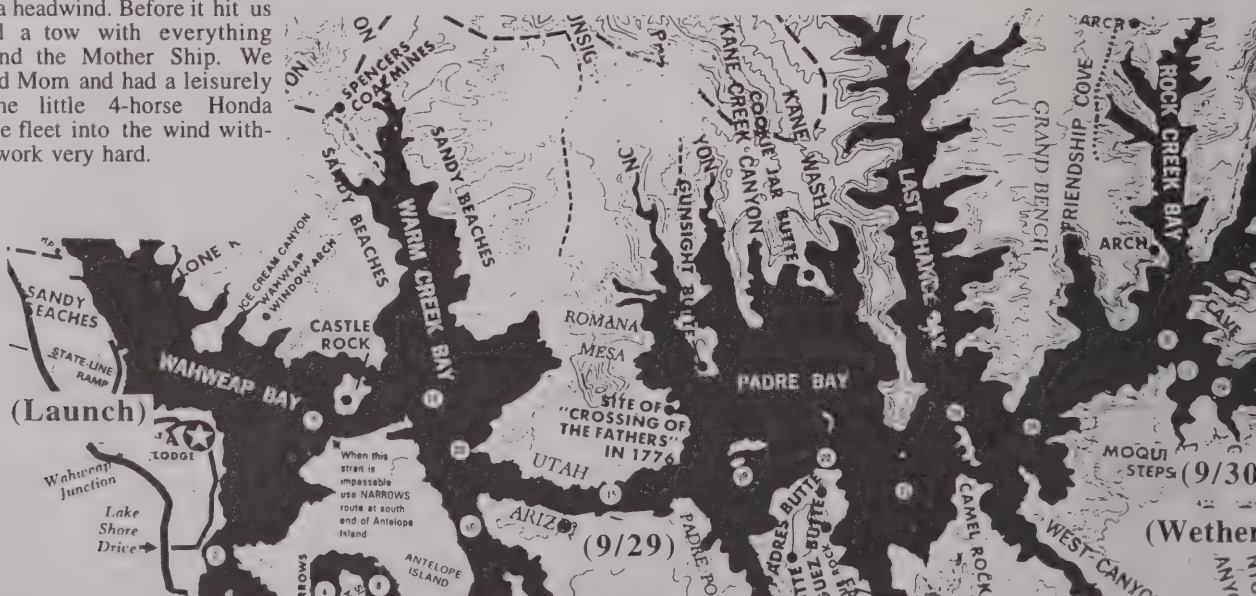
Pearl at head of navigation. Steve with oar to probe water depth.



When we got to the Rincon, an abandoned meander, we turned loose, except that I still had the Nymph in tow. She didn't seem to slow me down much but must have as Dennis overhauled me and I turned her loose.

We considered several canyons as we went along but held on till Slick Rock

beckoned. It trended southeast and I had a free wind till I blew through the bushes right at the end. The Julia May nudged into a side gully and the rest of us lay alongside the steep bank. Although we were fifty yards or less from the absolute end an elderly couple on a PWC, with grandma smiling benignly at the controls, cruised past







Davis Gulch camp.

us and rolled us to the gunnels. We were still rocking when she came back moments later a good bit more slowly. We had another scooter couple next morning before breakfast.

It was my turn to cook so I busied myself with culinary matters while Dennis hiked up canyon and Steve followed a group of campers headed for a cliff dwelling perched high above.

I haven't said much about the gourmet evenings because I was very slack about keeping the log. The details have slipped into odd crevices of my memory where I only occasionally come across them. Early on Dennis set a serious precedent with his Cuba Libres so there was a tendency to lounge around the Big Cockpit soon after we tied up and got the necessary chores done. I had brought along three Italian reds and a lucky choice it was as we had three spaghettis. The Bradleys did a traditional sauce, Steve had homemade pesto, and I did my fresh sauce which consists of burger, peppers, tomatoes and on-

ions lightly cooked with a slug of olive oil.

It sold well at Pend Oreille but on this occasion I thought it looked a bit anemic so I dumped in a large can of tomato paste which ruined it. Trust your instincts. Steve complimented the high slump factor.

This particular evening we had chosen a less than perfect spot for the kitchen so I hunched over my work and kept a lid on everything as I prepared one of my specialties, Himmel und Earde. Really, it's my only specialty.

Fry up a pound of crumbled sausage. In another pot parboil some potatoes, about one apiece, with a little salt. Chop a large onion in with the sausage. Combine everything with one fewer peeled chopped apples and cook covered or bake for a half hour or so. It looks a bit blah so garnish

with sausage links, red peppers, smoked oysters or whatever comes to hand. For goodness sake don't throw out the grease when you do the sausage. It's a good dish toward the end of the trip because everything keeps pretty well.

Dennis, being totally equipped, had a weather radio which had warned of a coming front, one of the reasons we had sort of pushed along. Sure enough, heavy clouds were racing across the near full moon in the best literary tradition.

Steve wimped out and put up his tent, but I, with studied macho nonchalance, went to bed with fingers crossed and tent bag close at hand. It did sprinkle a little.

**Sunday October 4:** Dennis had told me ahead of time that he was a dedicated flapjack man and he came equipped with griddle and regiment sized sack of





Krusteze to prove it. Most mornings he lured Steve from his granola and me from my apple to the Big Cockpit. And fancy coffee! He regularly threw in a fistful of pecans but this morning larded them with bananas as well.

I started off rowing and had gotten maybe half a mile when Steve picked me up. It looked like we were doomed to spend the whole day powering. We had the Halls Crossing water tank in sight and it must have been around noon when disaster struck. There had been quite a lot of traffic but the wakes weren't really troublesome, although we usually tried to take them head on. Suddenly waves appeared. The first two gave the Duckah a fierce rocking and the third one, almost a breaker, rolled her right over. I mean, sticks down. Then we remembered we had remarked a big sort of semi-displacement cruiser with a rotating ferry boat sized antenna clear across the river. Ah me!

Steve suggested that I jump in and pop her up but my feet seemed rooted to the deck. At dead slow we circled around and picked up some floating gear. This gave her time to think it over and she rolled up so that we could grab the mainmast and get her on her feet. Several small coves were at hand and one with a few bushes promised shallow water. Steve went back to look for more flotsam and I had just gotten a good start on bailing when Dennis came rowing up, having left Linda to stand off and on.

The rear hatch had come adrift and there was some water in the front as well. We'll analyze the whole problem later. We soon had her bailed out and Steve came back to offer a tow. Ha, fat chance! It was oars for me.

After a while a breeze, a cold breeze out of the north began to build. The front had arrived and home was dead to windward but we were moving at a goodly rate. Getting a little cold too, so I put on my oilies. Slogging to windward can be exhilarating at first but can become tedious, especially if you are anxious to get dried out, doubly so if you picture your buddies flaked out on the beach ahead.

Well along in the afternoon we opened Halls Crossing Bay and really got it in the snoot. Snot in yer ear the rest of the way. I was well up the bay with a floating pooperina off to the east when Steve appeared, having run a check on the take-out. It was a race for the barn.

Early in the trip we had traded boats so that I could get some photos of my pride and joy with the new mizzen. Steve opined that she didn't really need the board, at least not on a reach. For the rest of the trip I just let the board float and got along fine. Now, however, I had it all the way down and was pinching, trying to get ahead. Admittedly the A Duckah! is a tender boat but I have never felt out of control because I can sit out and always ease the main. I never cleat the main but do have a Hexaratchet to help hold it. I suppose the mizzen could give trouble in a real sudden blast.

It was blowing around twenty and I wasn't reefed so we had plenty of power and were rail down. One can put the deck edge under up to the coaming but to do so

highlights a little design flaw. The water comes sluicing down the deck, hits the boss for the oarlock and jets right into the cockpit. So we have to watch that. Steve sailed fuller and faster but it was pretty close.

We were going to hang out up the bay for a lay day since the plane wasn't scheduled till Tuesday. We had a nice beach on the south side of a peninsula with a sparse forest of moderately effective wind-breaking bushes. The bushes were soon festooned with odds and ends of stores and ships gear including a ridiculous amount of line and two p&s cameras that will never click again. The Skywatch wind meter revived after a few days but the Magellan GPS had moisture under the window and is still dead. It was an expensive lesson.

I am reminded that many years ago we were towing a powerboat and a standard Delaware Ducker behind a houseboat in these same waters. Don't ask how I got involved in such an activity. Anyway, both boats began to sheer around and soon came together. The Ducker, being much the smaller, got the worst of it and flipped over. Cost me a pair of nice oarlocks which were in a floating box but with an unsecured lid. Moral: A boat not under command is not under control.

**Monday October 5:** We have all day to goof around. Could hike over to the Waterpocket Fold which rises about two miles to the west, could go sailing, or could just lie around. Steve elected to go sailing and Dennis and I followed in the big boat. Linda elected to hang out on the beach with a good book and the dog. The air was light and I had the helm for a long time which included short tacking through the pass between Halls Crossing and Bullfrog Bays. It would have been a drag had we been trying to get somewhere, but since we were just sailing, it was a delightful challenge. The LM (I like the name Macro Micro) stayed reliably and was a pleasure to sail. We ran slowly down Bullfrog Bay all the while solving the world's problems, ate the last of the hard boiled eggs, and came back into Halls via a shallow gap. Home was now dead to windward so we were soon rolling north before a Honda breeze.

For supper Linda whipped up a marvelous dish of black beans and rice. Heard of it but never had any before. It's sure to become one of my specialties, well, my other one.

We had collected a goodly pile of wood and so were able to have a proper after-dinner fire. A veritable white man fire.

Last camp. Halls Crossing Bay under the Henrys.

Soon after old Sol had retired behind the Waterpocket a new moon, big as a dinner plate, popped up in the east. We laid to rest what was left of a noble bottle Portagee brandy that I had dragged all the way from Lisboa. Then we went after Dennis' Meyers. Que noche tan buena!

Steve retired to his tent, Mom pulled out to her stern anchor, and I rolled up in a tarp Steve had lent me. It was a slight compromise but still, I had made the whole trip without putting up my tent.

**Tuesday October 6:** The front had gone soft. A warm sun jumped up to catch the majestic moon a bit shy of his refuge behind the Waterpocket. In light air we made an early start for the marina, finishing under power. We had plenty of time to look the place over, finding one mast, before the car hauled us way out to the new airport, where we had a moderate wait for the plane. I don't think they dispatched it till they had us safely in the car. The captain, a mere boy, didn't make any checks at the end of the runway, just gunned it like a jet. But he turned out to be competent enough and we enjoyed the trip, seeing some of the places we had been, noting great camp spots, and getting a quick look at Rainbow Bridge. At Page the pilot led us straight to the counter. Shucks, I thought Steve was treating. Sixty-two bucks for car and plane. Well worth it. By this time we had figured out that we should have run the shuttle first.

It is 250 miles or more around by road via the Mok Dugway. When I got there Steve was out and he had my boat alongside. Dennis' trailer had shed some bolts on the Dugway so he was into his tool kit.

It was dark by the time we all convened in the Bradley camper for supper. I had bought some burger and a bottle of Valpolicello in Page. Linda did good things with the burger and the vino evaporated followed by half of Steve's jug. I think that Dennis has become un ami du raisin.

Come morn we split, but in memory, I'm sure, we still sailed together the limpid waters of the Great Lake of the Canyons.

We've now done the main channel from the dam to Hite. We've talked of doing the San Juan from Mexican Hat to Bullfrog. Steve thinks the Sea Pearl could make it and the A Duckah! would be ideal. It would make a great two week trip with lots of beans and rice. Something to think about. There is talk of next year making a circuit of Halls Crossing and Bullfrog Bays with choice side canyons. It would accommodate a variety of boats. Keep in touch.





**The Boats:** The Long Micro at 20', the Sea Pearl at 21', and the A Duckah! at 18' have similar waterlines but otherwise are very different boats, especially the Micro which is a shallow full keel boat. The Bolger has a loaded displacement of about a ton, the Pearl maybe 600lbs and the Duckah 350. They are well matched for speed downwind. At the end of the day on a run the Pearl would be hull down ahead and the other two might be within hailing distance. To windward the Pearl definitely has the edge. In light air the big boats have the advantage because their rigs reach a lot higher. The Pearl can be rowed quite well but the Duckah would leave her far behind.

Last year I was impressed with Steve's ability to lay head to wind while he reefed and went about other chores. I determined that I had to have a mizzen. Incidentally, Fred Shell makes a strong case for mizzens in a recent issue of *MAIB*. Mine is not as effective as the Pearl's because hers is almost as big as the main, but it still holds her up very well. A tiller lock to hold the rudder amidships would help.

Downwind I sail wing and wing without much trouble. The mizzen will sail quite a bit by the lee without gybing. When it does you just reach back and flip it over where it belongs. When I went for a test sail with Dennis before the trip, I discovered the hard way that the mizzen could gybe over, snatch the sheet out of the cam cleat, and whack the helmsman upside the head. A knot in the sheet cured that. A mizzen may not be efficient but it sure is handy and looks good as well. I also added



a rotating mast and a cobbled up furling drum. The sail sets remarkably well when partly furled. The whole rig needs some refinement but shows great promise

One can make a good case for any of the boats on this sort of cruise. Dennis has all the comforts of home, while I have a low investment, intimacy with the water and good rowing. Steve is somewhere in between.

**The Offer:** I bought a video camera to do the Limpet building video so I hauled it along on the Kokopelli. Fortunately I was smart enough to keep it in a water-

proof bag. So we have an overview of the Kokopelli with some great scenery and some good boat shots. There is also good coverage of the WoodenBoat Show. There are snapshots of several messabouts, including Starvation, Reedville, Pend Oreille, as well as some short low-key infomercials. Don't miss this two hour smorgasbord of exciting sailing, beautiful boats, and small boat rock stars. "No Dear, they aren't all the same."

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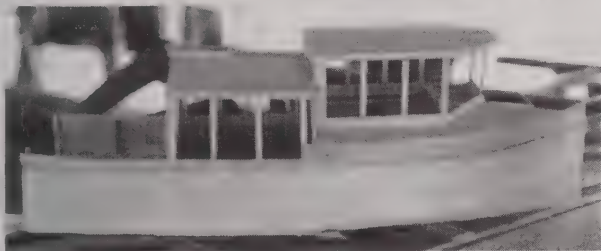


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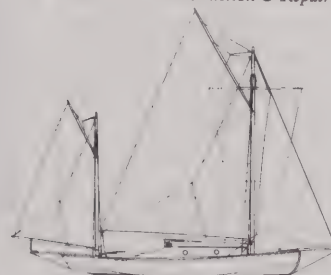


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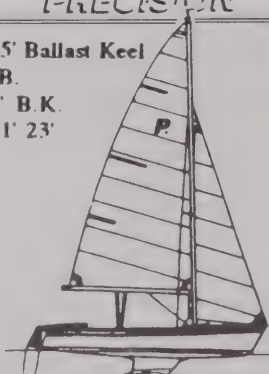
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I always read the classified ads in the local paper on general principle; Boats, Household Goods, Tools and Machinery, Miscellaneous. One day I saw one that read, "Sailboat, large, may need some work, best offer." I wasn't looking for a passel of trouble, but I knew a coworker who was, so I mentioned it to him. He went and looked at the boat and came back and said, "Well, it's not large, but you might be interested. I don't know what it is, but it's about sixteen feet and in decent shape!" The words "restore" and "profit" crossed my mind, and I went to take a look.

I didn't know what it was either, but it was in good shape, needing only refinishing, except for the lack of mast and sails. I asked about the missing items, and about the boat's origins. The woman who was selling it and her son said something about a man who had left it there, something about breaking the mast on a bridge, something about not being able to contact the man on account of somebody getting divorced and no longer being in touch. "But we had some great times in that boat and I hope you do too," said her son.

I thought about it for a week, and finally went back and said to the woman, "I don't want to insult you, but I don't have a lot of money. I'll give you fifty bucks for it." She accepted my offer immediately. She was a nervous woman, and seemed relieved to have her garage free from this useless encumbrance.

The trailer it sat on was well worth the price by itself, and after the usual struggle to get a tire to hold air, I took the boat home. A friend stopped by and declared her to be a Snipe, whereupon I posted a query to *Messing About* seeking information about Snipe #1685, describing it in some detail. First I received a couple of re-

## Pin the Tail On the Comet

### A Restoration Comedy

By Ross Miller

sponses telling me that I had one strange Snipe, and then I got a letter from a gentleman who informed me that it was not a Snipe, but rather Comet #1685, and that he had known it well. Thus armed with knowledge, I set to work, but the demands of making a living and the inclemencies of winter being what they are, I accomplished little, which turned out to be a blessing, much to my detractor's disappointment.

One night much later the phone rang and a man asked me, "Do you have Comet #1685?"

"Uh, yes," I said.

"I'm Bill T. and that's my boat. I want it back."

"How's that?"

He informed me that the boat was his, that it was supposed to be at a boatbuilding and restoration company not far away and that it was not supposed to have been sold. I told him that I was a reasonable person, that I had bought the boat supposing that the transaction was legitimate, and that I would talk to the builder in the morning and get back to him. He seemed relieved. He said he had owned the boat since he was a kid, and that it meant a lot to him. Somewhere in the conversation it occurred to me to ask him how he knew I had the boat. It turned out that he had gone to visit his childhood friend, Homer, who was the man who had identified the boat for me.

"So where's your Comet?" sly Homer asked.

"In Noank, why?"

"Oh no it's not."

Homer explained to Bill my published query, the subsequent communication, and Bill called *MAIB* and got my phone number.

The next day I called the builder/restorer and left a message. He called back in a state of mild agitation explaining that Mr. T. was "rich, like *Dynasty*," and that despite his net worth it was nearly impossible to get him to pay for any work done, so their restoration of his Comet had languished and the boat had been stored in the nervous woman's garage. He, the boatbuilder, had stopped paying the woman, and this led to the garage gridlock that she had attempted to alleviate with her classified ad.

I said to him, "Well, I paid for this boat. Who has a legal right to it?"

"I hate lawyers as much as you do," he said, "so let's not bring them into it."

I hadn't even thought of lawyers, but it turned out that he had already consulted his. He was sweating a bit, thinking this whole affair a lapse of responsibility on his part, and he seemed a bit in awe of Mr. T.'s lofty status. The main concern, however, was how much work I had done.

We were all relieved, Mr. T., the builder and myself, that I had done so little work on the boat. After several reminders, a modest compensation for purchase price was received from Mr. T., and the builder was notified that he could retrieve the boat. One fine sparkling snow-covered day the Comet left as it had arrived, a quasi-legal light and license board rammed into its gudgeons and the left tire leaking air. I've been meaning to stop down to Noank and see how she's coming along.

## Boatshop News

### The George Washington Creef Boatshop

By Paul Frontenay, Curator of Maritime Research, N.C. Maritime Museum. 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516

the area, providing a living exhibit of the region's small craft and their construction methods.

The Creef Boatshop also serves as a center for researching the small craft of the area. With the main tourist season at an end, staff and volunteers are working on a joint project with the nearby Outer Banks History Center to locate and identify vernacular watercraft throughout the Albemarle region, record basic information for each boat, and undertake more thorough documentation of significant vessels. Boatshop staff also are working with community groups seeking to preserve and restore small craft of local interest.

Since opening in June the Creef Boatshop has restored a Currituck skiff and constructed a small sharpie style skiff, both for permanent exhibit in Festival Park. A Harkers Island deadrise spritsail

skiff is currently under restoration for later exhibit and use on the waterfront. Two interesting but deteriorated shad boats have been documented, and certain significant elements illustrating important construction features have been conserved for exhibit.

The shop is also the repository for several regional small craft: Another Currituck skiff, a pair of Roanoke River herring boats, one of the first Vernon Davis speedboats (complete with its original motor), and an early Joel Van Sant deadrise sailing skiff. (Vernon Davis was one of the most important designers and builders of racing powerboats in the years since World War II, and Joel Van Sant went on to design the Moth Class of racing sailboats). In 1999 the shop will begin construction of a shad boat, the first new example of the type to be built since the 1930s.

This entire project is an exciting platform for the N.C. Maritime Museum to reach out to a wider community and to undertake more thorough research into regional maritime heritage.

In June, 1998 the North Carolina Maritime Museum re-opened the George Washington Creef Boatshop in Manteo on Roanoke Island as an extension of its coverage of the state's maritime history and culture into the Albemarle region of North Carolina. G.W.Creef (1829-1917) was the boatbuilder credited with constructing the first and the finest shadboats. This project is a joint venture between the N.C. Maritime Museum, the Roanoke Island Commission, and the Town of Manteo, which has generously provided the building.

The George Washington Creef Boatshop is located on the waterfront in downtown Manteo. It was the site for the construction of *Elizabeth II*, the replica sixteenth century ship berthed at Roanoke Island Festival Park on Ice Plant Island in Manteo. The shop operates as a working exhibit of traditional boatbuilding skills in much the same way that the Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center functions here at the N.C. Maritime Museum. Guided by an experienced local boatbuilder, Chris Blanchard, volunteers conserve, restore and construct traditional watercraft from



# Bolger on Design

## B-31 Schorpioen

Design # 649 for Ed Medalis  
Single-Handleable  
Realistically Trailerable  
Coastal Cruising Trimaran  
Part 1 of 2.

### Ed Medalis' Wishlist

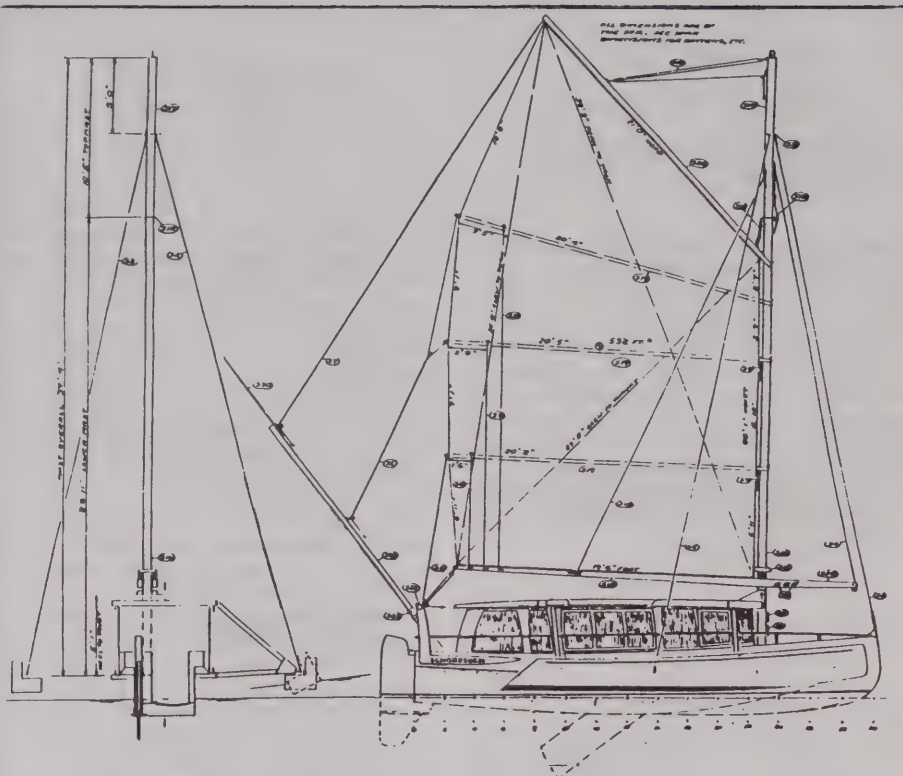
The proposal for a home-buildable trimaran had emerged in Ed Medalis' mind over several years of reading sailing and sketching possible arrangements. Putting his multihull project into context he explicitly stated that he was not interested in racing. Rather he wanted to readily trailer the craft using her as a travel trailer to overnight in before embarking into distant waters along the eastern and southern sea shore or some of the freshwater of the Great Lakes; blue-water adventures were not in the cards. His priorities were:

1. Safety.
  2. Ease of handling, if one man can't do it I don't want it.
  3. Comfort but not luxury.
  4. Economy in construction and use, i.e. plywood epoxy home-buildable.
  5. Speed primarily from hull shape and low displacement rather than large sail area.
  6. Load capacity to be modest without interest in very long cruises off-shore but to carry and sleep two for extended coastal cruises and four for shorter trips.
  7. Auxiliary power from a 15hp Honda outboard already at hand.
  8. No flat-bottom hull typical slapping as multihulls don't heel much to form the quieter Vee on the bow's chine.
- He preferred the trimaran as the, for him, best combination of the above mentioned features plus being relatively unsinkable, offering limited heeling and no rolling of the typical monohull, and due to the absence of ballast, relatively low weight for its size. He wanted to be able to tow the rig with his current 1985 302cid powered V-8 Ford Bronco.

He did not want to spend all day with various tools assembling a so-called trailerable trimaran that would require more manpower than himself to get off the trailer and into the water. Rather, trailer launching and retrieving would have to be possible with some degree of acceptable difficulty and perhaps the very limited help of a second hand. And he would have to be able to get the mast up and down again without injury potential or special assistance. To round out the package at least one dinghy would have to be accommodated in better than the typical after-thought fashion.

### Our Response

Thanks to Ed's straight-forward wishlist B-31 Schorpioen's overall layout was quite obvious from early on and seemed perfectly doable on around 31' of length



Length overall including raised rudder  
35'4"

Length overall, rudder lowered  
32'7"

Length for highway travel, rudder over  
31'6"

Length of hull  
30'4-1/2"

Length Waterline (DWL)  
29'2"

Breadth with floats extended  
20'0"

Breadth with floats retracted  
8'6"

Breadth of hull  
6'4"

Draft with bilgeboard raised  
1'0"

Draft with maximum bilgeboard  
6'0"

Height from DWL to peak of gaff  
43'6"

Height from DWL to erect mainmast  
40'10"

Height from DWL to top of sheet staff  
17'4"

Minimum bridge clearance from DWL  
6'10"

Height from trailer bed  
7'1"1

Displacement to DWL  
4950lbs

Trailer weight estimated  
3800lbs

Full sail area  
532sf

Sail area with one reef  
392sf

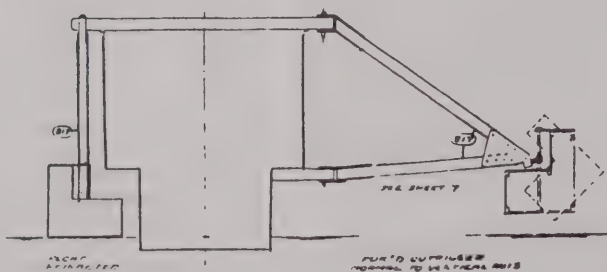
Sail area with two reefs  
257sf

Sail area with three reefs  
160sf

Fuel capacity  
20gals

Water capacity (twelve 2.5gal jugs) 30gals  
Holding tank capacity - 31gals

Cruising Accommodations for 2+2





well below the legal length limit in some states for trailering on private license plates. The single handed folding requirement set firm parameters about main and float hull widths. The four berths, enclosed head and small galley had to go where there was the only space for them and rig, power plant, off centerboard and rudder fit within and around them.

**The Hull Geometries:** Her 4' wide bottom main hull is one of our simple box shapes we've done many of over the decades and which when carefully designed don't suffer relevant hydrodynamic penalties. With a length-to-beam ratio of almost 8:1 her flat midsection and shallow draft in combination with her comparatively wide floats offers promise of well exceeding hull-speed under sail with a lighter load.

The mainhull's hard-chine does of course offer much better relative lateral resistance in waters too shallow for effective centerboard use than any more elaborate shape could. And it is very easy to make it stout too, in this case a very beachable and long distance trailerable 1" bottom thickness along with 1/2" topsides. The few frames/bulkheads that are necessary with this stiff construction amount to essentially straight cuts at right angles for very rapid progress cutting out and erecting on the bottom-panel.

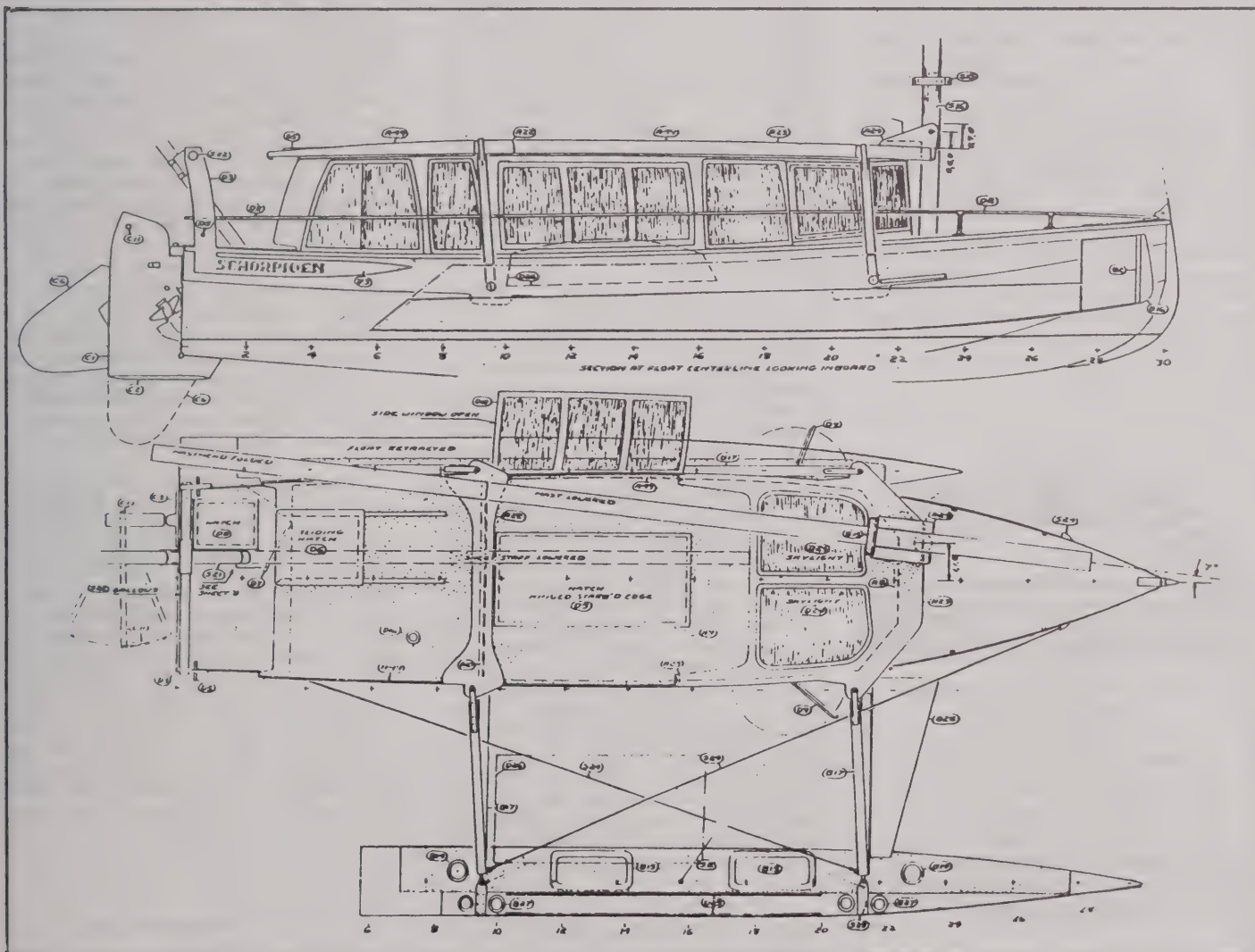
The usual complaint about these hulls, aside from their potentially stark plumb-sided looks, has been pounding at anchor or in multihulls which are sailing nearly upright at all times. On hulls as slender as these, looks are too close to conventional wall-sided ones which have most of their compound curves at and below the waterline to be of concern.

The pounding issue has been addressed on the main hull by adding a fully developed Vee-d cutwater under the bow overhang as deep and sharp as any, but without the fallout in terms of man-hours needed and/or very light hull-skins, where you need strength, most such shapes typically impose on the bow propagating through the rest of the hull structure. It is applied to the outside of the 1" flat bottom without requiring a breach of this stout defense against severe impact. It is structurally very simple, is meant to be outright sacrificial to swallow the first impact of running over submerged unyielding objects or just take the abuse of harder than desirable beachings. It also seems to help slightly the distribution her displacement.

The float hulls are unmodified plywood boxes with 1/2" bottom of 24" width and 1/4" topsides supported with stout bulkheads and divided into multiple compartments for safety, all accessible with the two large center compartments, well

useable for storage through O-ringed hinged hatches. The floats are recessed on their insides to fit under the overhang of the main hull's sponson. Thus for trailering and marina berths narrower than their fully extended beam of 20'+ they can swing back in and somewhat down on the aluminum A-arms for an overall beam of just about 8'6", and also provide full stability under power or after launching with her mast standing but as yet unsupported by the shrouds anchored in the extended floats. Whether you should try to sail her on this 8'6" beam and without shroud support is up to you, but certainly not completely unthinkable in very light airs through the marina after the outboard dies.

In either position they are held fore and aft by one guy-wire/rope for each direction. These are fully adjustable independently in flight to vary the floats location fore and aft to match Schorpioen's geometry to that particular angle of the prevalent wave direction in a seaway, likely mitigating against the potentially disastrous mismatch of wave to diving leeward float bow. This simple system's inherent shock-absorbing capabilities will not only reduce structural stresses at sea but also reduce damage potential when her 20' overall width is a bit too sprawling and you would have nearly missed that float.





But they are also adjustable along their fore-and aft axis. Using stout ball joints to attach the A-frame outrigger to the float-folding pivot axis allows tilting of each float to well over 30 degrees inwards. Sailing in choppy waters or just to have a quiet night at rest this tilting action allows on-demand infinitely adjustable cranking-in of a Vee by leaning inwards the even-sided bows of these otherwise simple unmodified floats. To fold the floats aft under the sponsons they have to be brought back into their horizontal position.

Thus in conjunction with the externally applied Vee of the main hull and the adjustable tilt of the floats these simple-to-construct stout box-shapes that make up Schorpioen can be made to be quite smooth in wave action and be as quiet at night as any much more fragile and harder-to-build shape. We see little potential for any noticeable hydrodynamic penalties in return for absolutely fastest assembly time of any multi-hull geometry of her size and load-carrying capacity. It seems that elaborate sculpting of hulls over many sanding-disks, breather cartridges and uncounted man-hours, may take more out of the builder than seems justifiable for the returns. If your will is broken already at this early stage of the project you will certainly lose yet another cruising season from sheer exhaustion. After all, building three hulls is bad enough but having the hulls done means you've just gotten into the project. At least her main spars are stock unpainted aluminum pipes...

**Trailer Her:** With this overall hull and float folding geometry, trailering should be fairly straightforward. The rudder can be folded against the transom to starboard still allowing the outboard motor to be lifted up some inches to stay off the pavement. As will be discussed later, all her spars can be folded and pivoted to fit within her trailer length without requiring more than a moderate amount of pushing and shoving, pulling a few bolts and disconnecting snap hooked parrels of the gaff, boom and battens.

She should trailer quite well on a stout large wheel single axle trailer for lower running resistance and less strain maneuvering. Several support geometries are conceivable on top of the regular trailer frame backbone of square pipe weldments. We would look for a suitable bare bunk trailer and then spend a day or two to customize it to Schorpioen's particular requirements and your interest to launch her solo.

You could, for instance, float her onto bottom rocker matching pre-bent near full-length carpeted bunks which would offer maximum support of the main hull chines. Vertical roller guides 4'2"-4" apart would accept the 4' wide main hull bottom to center the hull in that position. Connecting these vertical guides on top fore and aft would allow at least 10' of carpeted bunks to then support the inside chine of the floats.

The whole hull and float support structure of the trailer would essentially match in profile and plan view the six chines' geometries to float her in and automatically lock her into the best position on the trailer. To help this floating in process on ramps of varying angles and under wind and wave action we would attach temporarily just for this process two stout 4' vertical guides 8'8" apart at the trailer's tail end to get the boat lined up early, plus two more of these temporary guides amidships to keep her from changing her mind halfway home. These guides could just be well padded or even roller equipped pipes slightly S-bent to be dropped into permanent sockets inward enough to not exceed the trailer's legal width; you would store them in the boat or in your tractor.

This same overall geometry could be used employing a good number of rollers instead of the bunks to make winching her in on that very shallow ramp more plausible. Just make sure there are enough of them and that they are wide and reasonably soft to not mar the finish or worse would, due to improper location not matching her chines, produce significant local stresses on her bottom(s) that would turn an otherwise uneventful 1,000-mile haul into a destructive episode ruining the cruise even before launching.

Schorpioen's overall height when fully folded up for trailering is just 7'11" from the trailer bed on up and, unlike some very pricey patent-folding tris in the marketplace, sits lower on the trailer without multiple big excrescences. And also, unlike as is shown in the factory promo videos, she does of course not require two very active muscular crew cooperating for carefully coordinated assembly rituals during vital pre-launching assembly, including wrestling with a loose mast that extends well ahead and behind the boat and trailer. Schorpioen's mast will raise and lower solo while on the water as well, whether it is to shoot a bridge or just to have a quiet and safe night during a blow without much concerns about dragging her anchor.

(Next issue we'll discuss B-3I Schorpioen's interior layout, power, dinks, and rig, plus a note on capsizing.)


## More On Rational Trailering

We would get a stock adjustable and swiveling trailer jack, then cut that wimpy, good fer nothin' plastic caster off, bolt-on instead a nice stock 500lb pneumatic industrial swiveling caster setup with a wheel of at least 10" overall diameter. They are no more corrosion prone than much of so called trailer hardware. With the trailer tongue supported by this meaty retractable wheel you can move the now honestly three wheeled trailer both in and out of storage spots too tight for both trailer and tractor and more importantly down and up the launching ramp connected to the tow-vehicle only with a wire or a rope. Then you attach an electric winch to the tow vehicle, either temporarily to the hitch assembly with shackles, chain and stout jumper cables, or permanently bolted almost in-line with, and straight onto, the hitch assembly and wire it up with over-sized cables.

Assuming the winch permanently attached when you arrive at the ramp still on level ground, you get out and disconnect the safety chains and connect the cable's hook to the trailer. Then you back the rig towards the ramp to line up trailer and tow vehicle for launching. With tractor secured with brakes and gear lock, get out again to lower the third wheel until you can lift the trailer tongue off the hitch ball, with the trailer moving down the ramp a few inches until the cable takes up the strain; using chocks and varying cable length you could avoid that jerking.

Then we would start the tractor, sit on the brakes, and push the remote winch switch to pay out line and let the whole rig roll down the ramp, gravity-powered and usually straight due to the cable's centering pull; a second person could just guide it down in case the ramp has too much topography for straight descent. Eventually the boat would begin to float and you'd stop the winch, secure the tractor and run down to get the boat off the trailer and tied to something secure. Winch powered retrieval of the empty trailer would have no surprises and hitched to the tractor again both would be moved out of the traffic pattern.

This whole procedure should take just minutes, could be pursued calmly and methodically, and thus should be much less nerve wracking than the usual launching ramp antics, since you are never at risk of getting your drive wheels wet or worse flooding the ashtray up front. One can only speculate how many rear bumpers rear quarter panels, rear axles and brake assemblies, have been ruined by trailer boating along the seashore because owners insist on the regular brine bath treatment. But even in freshwater locations some cars get the full body dip on a slimy ramp, no doubt great fun for others when that video clip runs on national Funny Home Video Revue!



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The designers I feel an affinity for are, more or less in this order : Sam Rabl, Francis Herreshof, that wonderful spirit of the Humber Yawls, Albert Strange, and that inventive soul, Phil Bolger.

What I feel attracted to has best been expressed by Francis Herreshof in his delightful story of the man whose boat is being admired by his friend. "Who had you design this boat for you?" asks the friend. The man gives the designer's name, and the friend exclaims, "What? By that old curmudgeon! I thought he was impossible to deal with. What did you tell him to get him to design such a nice boat?" "I told him," said the man, "that I wanted a boat I could have peace of mind in."

I was very young when I began to realize that winning races was mainly a matter of money. In those days, he who could afford the most expensive materials and designers, all other things being equal, would win. It wasn't that then the money wasn't available, but it took kind of the joy out of competing for me.

So my joy is in the sailing itself, in sailing craft that are supposed to be impossible clunkers, I don't mean poorly designed, but working craft that you have to get to know in order to make them talk, not craft that are being sailed by the designer who has already done everything for you, except come aboard and take the helm. Many out there go through all kinds of maneuvers and never change the set of their sails; the boat will sail if you stand on your head with your eyes closed, but where is the challenge?

The same goes for rigs. That's why I had to sail a dhow, not ON a dhow, before I missed my chance and went to my watery grave, in WW II.

To each his own. But here is a sail that has fascinated me for a long time. It is

## Dreamboats

### Outriggers and Ninigo Sails

#### Part 1: The Sails

By Richard Carsen

used on a tiny group of islands, called Ninigo, about 150 nautical miles straight north of Papua (Eastern New Guinea).

If you live in Newport Beach, California, and your preferred stamping grounds are some offshore islands, forever straight into the teeth of the prevailing WNWester, you'd be better off with a fast and willing tacker like Bolger's Vanity. But in an area with lots of changing winds and lots of delectable coastline, bays and inviting coves, this might be a fun proposition for those who both like to gunkhole and like to be challenged.

In upcoming issues I will show the application of this rig on some small beach cruiser type outriggers, as I have found that there is obviously some interest in such craft. Right now I want to introduce it to you.

In this rig the mast is always slanted towards the direction the wind is coming from. Sometimes it is supported as shown; sometimes by a shorter piece lower down on the mast. The mast is stayed fore & aft. The yard of the sail crosses the mast and can turn on the fulcrum of its attachment point. The boom, however, sits on the mast, near its foot, where it, the boom, has a forked ending that grips the mast.

This is an ideal crosswind reaching sail. First off, no need to carry the sail to the other end and move the mast as in other outriggers, just pull the boom-stay over when changing tack. Both yard and boom have stays fore & aft. When a sudden gust or a sudden freshening of the wind

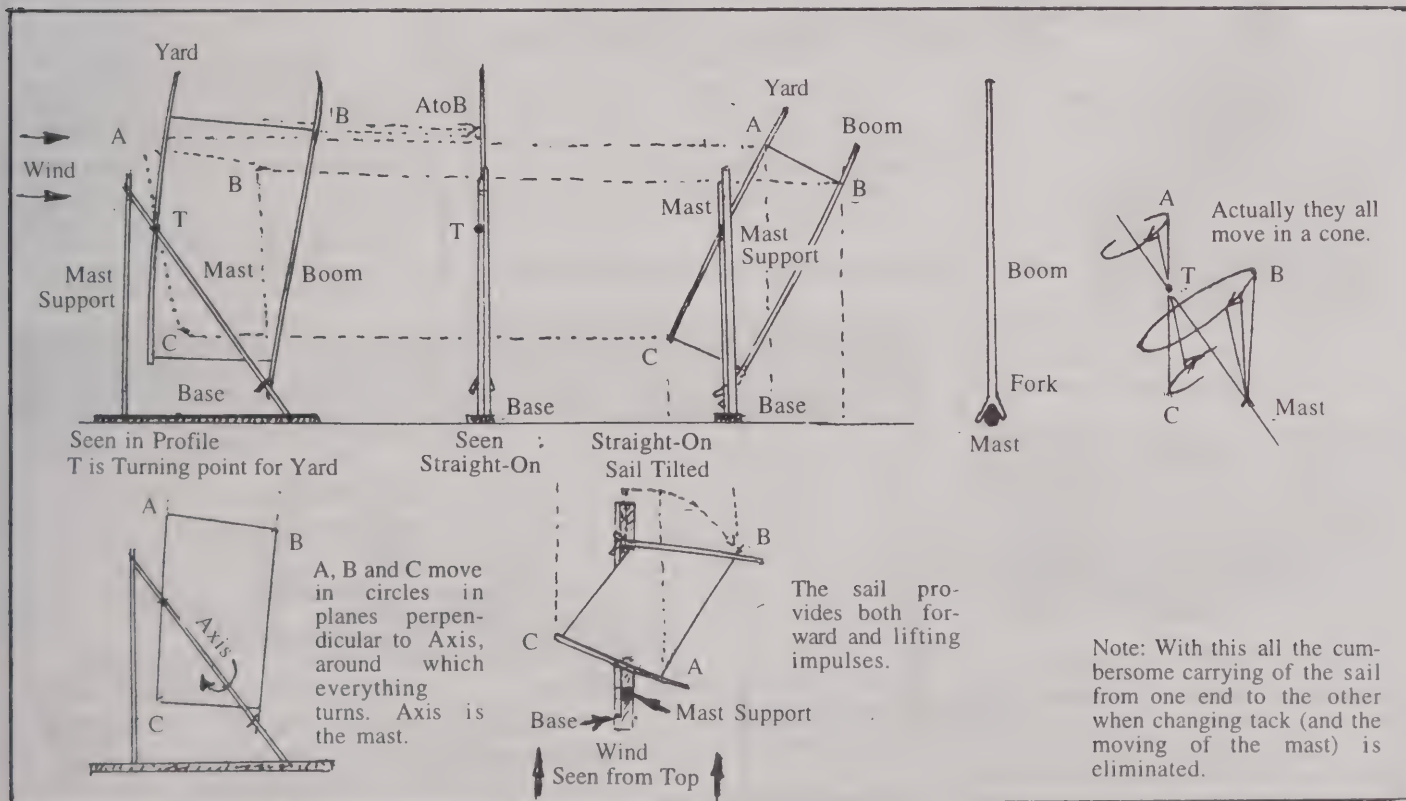
causes you to do a fisherman's reef, the sail can weathervane without the wild flutter and flapping of an unsupported leech. To take it away, just start the stays and fold it on itself. To reef, you could rig the sail the way the old fishing sharpies were done, where some brails attached to one line could pull part of the sail into the mast, here into the boom, and the boom could slide up the mast on its fork.

The sail can be easily made from a piece of tarp, as others have shown in past issues. You could glue a rope to the long edges and stitch the this bolt-rope to yard and boom thru the rope, or you could have your local canvasman, awningmaker, put some brass eyes in for you.

To comprehend the moving of the sail, see that it turns on the bias of the axis which is the mast. Yard and boom describe cones, the ends circles whose plane is perpendicular to the mast. Once you notice this you can visualise how it moves. It is a very good lifting sail.

Looking at photos of a meet of native craft at Port Moresby (some years ago in *Multihulls*) I saw a variant of this rig on a racing outrigger. Here, the yard had been done away with, the mast had been lengthened and actually functioned as a sprit, holding up the corner of the sail opposite to the top of the boom. In changing tack, apart from bringing over the boom (tilting it in the other direction) you had to flip the lower corner of the sail. The luff of the sail would now be set flying, which would make it less effective, but you got rid of one moving part and one set of stays. You see, all these systems are still developing.

I'll show you next how to use this on an Atlantic outrigger (one that has its ama away from the wind instead of towards it), Phil Weld, arriving first in *Cheers* in one of the transatlantic single handed races.





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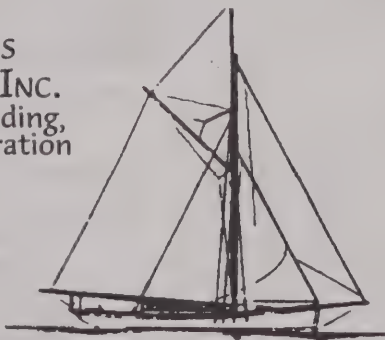


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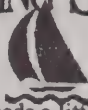
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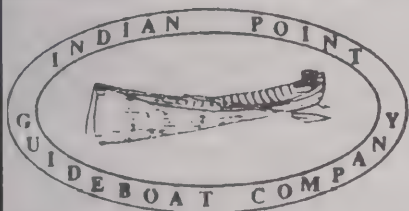
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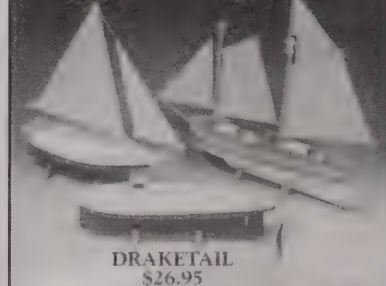
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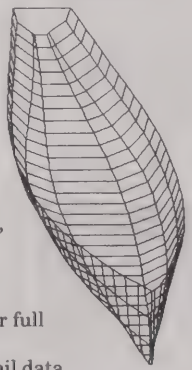
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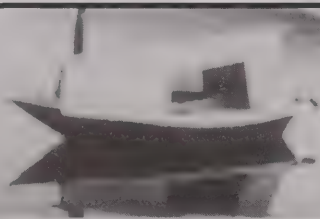
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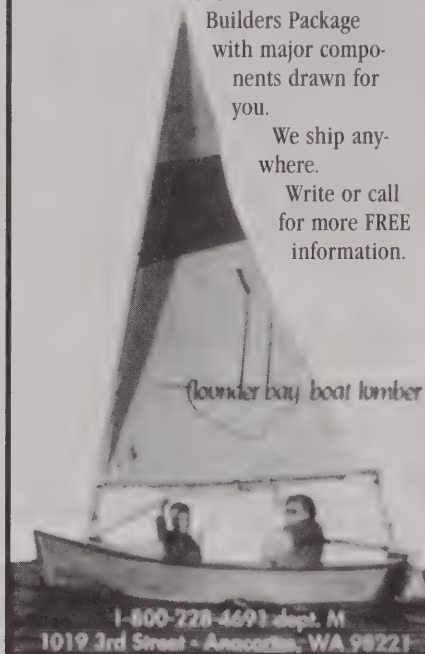
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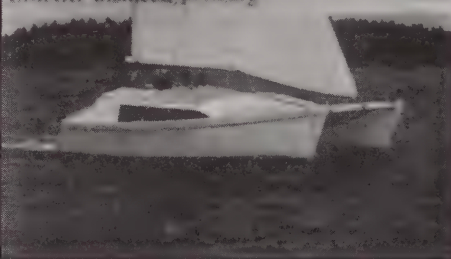
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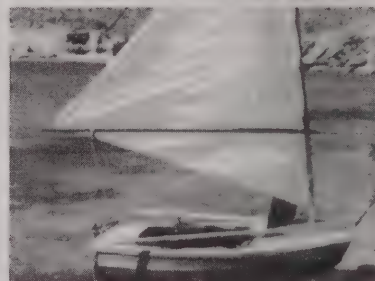
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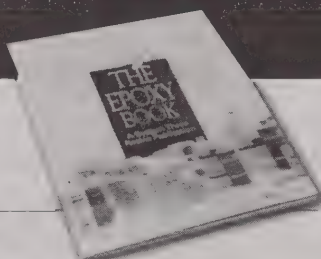
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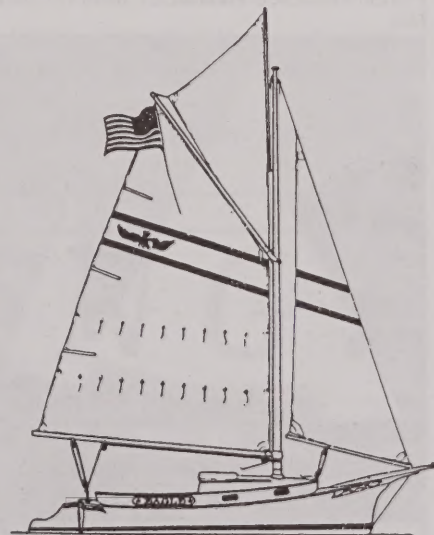


**Tremolino 23 Trimaran**, gd cond, blt '90 by TBC. FG, new crossarm this yr, Dick Newick high lift half-moon amas, Supercat pivoting mast, Hobie 16 sails, canvas dodger encloses whole 6'x 6' cockpit, motor bracket, 11w solar panel, depth meter, 6v. Slps 2. Smooth & dry in chop, vy comfy & vy fast. Asking \$7,500 w/trlr.  
**ED HAILE**, Champlain, VA, (804) 443-4813. (19)

**Holder 20**, Hull #82, retractable keel, many sails include spinnaker, bow pulpit, trlr, etc. \$3,700.  
**JOE BLUBAUGH**, Melbourne, FL, (407) 757-5390. (19)

**Hydra Sea Twin**, 2 seater red kayak w/rudder & expedition pkg. Like new, stable, gd for fishing, camping, long trips. \$1,200 OBO.  
**FRANK ALBERT**, Marco Island, FL, (941) 642-2357. (20)

**18' Renken Sloop**, trlr & 3.5hp Chrysler OB. Boat & both sails in gd cond. Jib has roller furling. Slps 4. \$3,500.  
**JIM HUDSON**, 2011 McKinley Ave., St. Albans, WV 25177, (304) 727-0302. (19)



**Classic '74 Herreshoff Eagle**, 22' gaff rigged topsail sloop. FG hull (green) & deck (tan), teak trim, wheel steering, 15hp OB in well, VHF, galv trlr. In exc cond, ready for spring. \$6,500.  
**LEW PRYCL**, Greenwich, NJ, (609) 455-1257. (19)





**Marsh Hen**, 17' dbl end camp cruiser. Sprit rig, 150sf sail. Tandem CBs, 6" draft CB up, 3'6" draft CB down. Canvas dodger w/flaps & screens covers 7' lounge area w/cushions. 5 hatches for storage. 2.5hp Evinrude OB, galv trlr. Vy gd cond. \$3,200. JIM DENNY, Rockville, MD, (301) 424-6452, <JHDennyII@aol.com> (20)



**29' Atkin Channel Cutter**, FG hull, diesel, alum spars, 5' draft, 2 time classic show winner. \$39,000. KEITH FALSTROM, P.O. Box 8211, Longboat Key, FL 34228, (941) 953-6240. (19)

**'58 Yellow Jacket**, stored inside past 20yrs. Hull sound, an easy restoration. Mounted on period trlr. \$750 OBO. PETER WEIGLE, E. Haddam, CT, (860) 873-1671. (20)



**Shell Kit Boat**, Swiftly 15 blt '96. Unstayed ketch rig, mast folds for easy trailering. Twin full length shoal draft keels. Okoume deck & hull, spruce spars. \$1,500 include trlr. R. ROSS, Hillsboro, OH, (937) 393-4959, <bobross@ameritech.net> (20)

**14' Roar**, Jim Michalak design ultralight rowing boat. 44' beam. Just finished but not painted. Never in water. \$100 OBO. TONY OWENS, Cape Elizabeth, ME, (207) 767-2345. (20)

**15'6" Gloucester Gull**, blt '80 by Dynamite Payson. Exc cond, compl. \$650. **18' Bolger Keel Daysailer**, one of a kind. 17' 10" x 6' x 30" fin keel, open cockpit, gaff rig, alum spars. Wonderful sailer. In water. Trlr incl. \$5,000. MICHAEL ARBITMAN, Jacksonville, FL, (904) 354-6758. (20)

## BOATS WANTED

**Light Single Rowing Shell**, swap for a Laser sailboat. JOE FETCHKO, Ocean City, MD, (410) 524-3206. (19)

**Cape Cod Shipbuilders Boats**, Rhodes 18, Mercury, Bullseye, or O'Day Rhodes 19 keel or CB. Project boats, any cond. In FL. KEITH FALSTROM, P.O. Box 8211, Longboat Key, FL 34228, (941) 953-6240. (19)

**Mini/Micro Tug**, trade up or down for my upgraded '86 Hunter 23 shoal keel sloop. RICHARD ELLERS, 426 Central Pkwy, Warren, OH 44483-6213, <Geerichard@juno.com> (19)

**Boston Whaler Mischief**, reasonably priced. Will travel to pick up if necessary. FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314 before 10pm. (20)

## SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**Dacron Main & Jib**, 150sf ideal for small boat project this winter. Main 20'6" luff, 9'9" foot, approx 100sf; jib 15' luff, 7' foot, approx 50sf. Little used, exc cond. \$200 firm. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (TF)

**Need a Cheap Sail Quickly?** White PolySail kits or material. For prices & instructions, visit <http://hometown.aol.com/polysail/polysail.htm> or call (317) 842-8106. (19P)

**Storm Jib**, approx 50sf, suitable for 25'-40' boat. \$60. JOE BLUBAUGH, Melbourne, FL, (407) 757-5390. (19)

**Small Masts, Booms & Sails**. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (20)

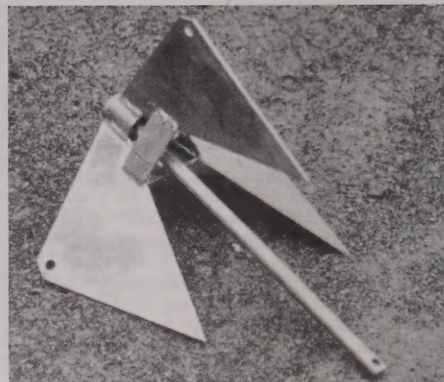
## GEAR FOR SALE

**Teleflex Steering System**, for boat to 24'. Quick connect rotary steering system. New in orig box. Cost new \$147, will sell for \$75 shipping incl. J. ENGEL, Remsen, NY, (315) 831-2581, email: thebird@juno.com (19)

**Opening Portholes**, 1 pr alum 8"x 18" (glass size) rectangular, w/screens. \$30/pr plus shipping. **Sunfish Daggerboard**, \$15 plus shipping. HENRY CHAMPAGNEY, 216 Northshore Dr., Greenback, TN 37742, (423) 856-5853, email: H2Champs@aol.com (19)

**WWII Aircraft Bubble Sextant**, w/hard case. Has automatic averaging readout of sights which it takes in 2 minutes. Has been calibrated. This is a \$600 value, please make a reasonable offer. JOE BLUBAUGH, Melbourne, FL, (407) 757-5390. (19)

**'98 Yamaha OB**, w/less than 20hrs running time. Power trim, tilt & single lever control. Quiet reliable power. \$4,500. JACK FARRELL, Durham, NH, (603) 659-7605. (20)



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**Hand Windlass**, 2 gypsy heads for anchor rode. 9"x 12" base, 24" wide, 12" high. \$160. Quarter Bitts, 5"x 6" boss, 9" wide, 9" high. Two for \$30. \$175 takes all. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (20)

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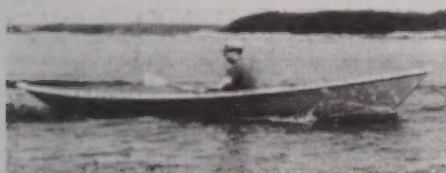
## GEAR WANTED

**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

**A-Row-Bic or Row Wing**, drop-in rowing unit for converting a canoe. JOE FETCHKO, Ocean City, MD, (410) 524-3206. (19)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Old Charts (8)**, Buzzards Bay, China Sea, Nan-tucket Shoals, Eastern Passages to China. Issued 1852-1881. \$48 ea ppd, \$300/lot. JOHN LOGAN, La Conner, WA, (360) 466-4630. (20)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)



**Rebecca**, a simple & beautifully proportioned flat-bottomed rowing skiff. Easy to bld using glued ply lapstrake constr. 14'6"x 4', 120lbs. Study packet \$8, plans \$65. THE ROWING COMPANY, Bob Cramer, 3060 Lake Sarah Rd., Maple Plain, MN 55359, (612) 479-3094. (22P)



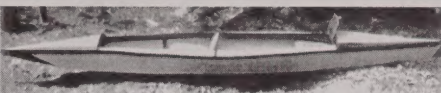
**Bliss, the Quick & Easy Canoe**, plans \$26. Illustrated leaflet of 16 small craft designs \$2. DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (11/99EOIP)

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**\$200 Sailboat**, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

"**Sleeper**", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

**The Odd-A-Tea**, by Tom McGrath. Wandering the New England Coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Paperback, profusely illustrated. TOM MC GRATH, 684 Chestnut St., Lynn, MA 01904. (TF)



**A \$400 Touring Kayak for \$85?** Yes! Just spend an easy 10 hrs & you'll have Li'l Beauty, a nationally advertised 39lb 2-person, perf for camping, fishing or just exploring. Send \$2 for exciting photo/info brochures or \$16 for compl bldg manual. HOBBYCRAFT KAYAKS, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd., Vilas, NC 28692. (19P)

**From My Old Boat Shop**, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin. WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

**I Hear You Bought a Boat**, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing. TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

**Cockleshell Kayak Plans**, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35. ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)

**Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar**, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid. NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)



## The National Small Boat Calendar

An on-line database of organizations and events of interest to the nautically-minded.

<http://www.by-the-sea.com/events.html>

## BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

**Boats, Oars & Rowing**, by Culler. JOHN MC COY, New Bedford, MA, (508) 990-0457. (20)

**Old Canoe Catalogs**. LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

**Wanted Books & Plans:** Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.

THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

**Boats, Oars & Rowing**, by R.D. Culler. *Messing About in Boats*, April 15, 1998 issue (out of publisher's stock). JOHN MULLEN, Dallas, TX, (214) 358-5670, email: mullen@connect.net (19)

## MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

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DRIFTWOOD DAN, D. Osterday, 220 W. Palomino Dr., Tempe, AZ 85284. (TF)

**Interested in Small Boat Ministry?** Contact us. CRUISING MINISTRIES, INC., 6110 Florida Ave., New Port Richey, FL 34653, email: <graced@GTE.net (24P)

**Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat**, for MAIB subscribers only. I will nd snapshots of your boat (will return) & tel # to call so I can plan around what you want. SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (TF)

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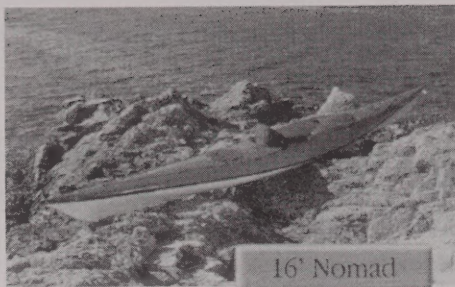
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